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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Admiral the Earl St. Vincent, G.C.B., &c. By J. S. Tucker, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, R. Bentley.

BOUND to the memory of the late celebrated admiral by every tie of personal gratitude and every feeling of political *esprit*, Mr. Tucker has presented us with a new biography of his stanch patron and friend. It is many years ago since we reviewed Capt. Brenton's earlier tribute to his distinguished conduct and important services, which embraced his entire public career, and, if we remember rightly, supplied considerable information in regard to his domestic and private life. But Mr. Tucker has gone much more deeply into the interior; and by means of voluminous correspondence, at the close of every chapter of his work, has more fully illustrated the character of the noble subject of his portraiture and eulogy. We are never inclined to find fault with the partialities of a biographer, and shall not therefore dispute with our author the absolute perfection of Earl St. Vincent: he was a great man, rendered vast benefits to the naval service of his country, discharged all his duties in a most honourable and independent, and at the same time stern, inflexible, and uncompromising manner, defeated our enemies in a glorious fight, and set to all his profession a splendid example of arduous devotedness to its general improvement, and noble integrity in promoting individual desert whenever he found it, in preference to high, personal, or political influences. Yet he was, like his historian, a violent whig; though he never gave up to party what was meant for the honour and prosperity of England.

Looking at the details in these volumes, the conclusion is likely to be, that Lord St. Vincent was, as a naval commander, an exceedingly strict and severe disciplinarian, more feared than loved, and in his other relations of life more estimable than amiable; that as a politician he was hot and consistent, and as a man steady and faithful. From his father's disowning a bill for 20*l.*, which he drew on him when a youth on the West India station, Mr. Tucker traces much of his future habits and destiny.

"Into the motives (he says) which could have induced the parent to reject his admirably conducted son's moderate application, it is not presumed to inquire: the consequences of it to the young midshipman, however, were deep mortification of feeling and severe pecuniary distress. But that which straitened the boy was of the greatest help to form the man. It thrust upon him that invaluable advantage, an acquaintance with poverty; it kindled a lofty spirit of independence, which never afterwards was quenched; it first taught him to rely upon himself, and how surely he might do so; it originated in him that confidence in his own resources, which, in the constantly occurring emergencies of his eventful life, was one of his chief superiorities among men. To take up the returned bill he was obliged to effect his discharge from one ship into another, so as to obtain his pay-tickets, which he contrived to sell at 40*l.* per cent discount; and during the remainder of

the six years that he was upon that station, his life was one continued endurance of pinching privation. He sold all his own bedding, and slept on the bare deck; he was usually obliged to make and mend, always to wash, his own clothes; he never afforded himself any fresh meat, nor, even in the West Indies, where they are so necessary for health, and so cheap too, any fruit or vegetables, but what he could obtain from the negroes in barter for the little of the ship's provisions which he, a growing boy, might contrive to save out of his allowance. Not having now a farthing of money to spend on shore, he was still more alert to volunteer into ships ordered to sea; and in one of these cruisers it was that, in the cable-tier, an old quarter-master, named Drysdale, who had been mate of a merchant-vessel, afforded the midshipman the only assistance he ever received towards the perfect acquirement which he accomplished of navigation."

It was a busy time, and opportunities for achieving distinction were not long wanting to persevering seamen; and our young officer rose rapidly to preferment. Already in 1782, Sir John Jervis, in the *Foudroyant*, was an object looked up to in the navy; and one who never would forsake any man who served well under him. At the threatening period of 1795 he was appointed to the vitally momentous command of the Mediterranean fleet; and yet in the very face of this, the highest trust that could be reposed in any officer, Mr. Tucker (p. 142) has the bad taste to arraign Mr. Pitt for party-bias and jealousy in the selection of individuals for "commands-in-chief," and glibly to refer the choice of his patron merely to his "high consideration as a consummate flag-officer." Could more manifest injustice be committed? But Mr. Pitt and the tories seem to have been objects of unmitigated detestation both to the illustrious admiral and his less illustrious commentator. In truth, no officer was ever put more in the way of earning fortune, fame, and laurels, than the gallant Jervis; and it is not fair to turn round upon those who afforded them, and ascribe all to his own merit, as if there had not been another competent officer in the British navy for the exercise of a choice; and accuse the ministry of being guided by nothing but party feelings and partialities.

Even before the victory off Cape St. Vincent, the first lord of the Admiralty, Earl Spencer, had written to Sir John Jervis to intimate his majesty's intention to elevate him to the peerage; and that splendid act only served to augment the rank and fix the title.

The description of this battle is most interesting; and we must rob it of a few particulars which are new to us, and well worthy of remembrance.

"Ships were stationed to watch and report the enemy's motions. From various quarters information came, that they were quite close; but on the 13th of February Captain Foote, in the *Niger* frigate, joined, to announce that he had kept sight of them for three days; and on the same day the *Minerva* frigate, Captain Cockburn, bearing Commodore Nelson's broad pendant from the Mediterranean, and the *Lively* frigate, Captain Lord Garlies, with Sir Gilbert

Elliot and suite from *Corsica*, joined; and from those officers also Sir John Jervis received corresponding information. Commodore Nelson immediately shifted his broad pendant into the Captain, and the signal was made to keep close order and to prepare for battle. Lord Garlies, Sir Gilbert Elliot, and Captain Hallowell (a passenger in the *Victory*), were among Sir John's guests at that day's dinner, which was not a late one; and at breaking-up a toast was drunk,—"Victory over the Dons in the battle from which they cannot escape to-morrow!" It is believed that Sir John Jervis did not go to bed that night, but sat up writing; it is certain that he executed his will. In the course of the first and middle watch, the enemy's signal-guns were distinctly heard; and as he noticed them sounding more and more audibly, Sir John made more earnest and particular inquiries as to the compact order and situation of his own ships, as well as they could be made out in the darkness. Long before the break of day, he walked the deck in more than even his usual stern silence. When the grey of the morning of the 14th enabled him to discern his fleet, his first observations were, high approbation of the captains for 'their admirably close order; and that he wished they were now well up with the enemy, for,' added his confidence in his force, and his thoughtfulness for his desponding country, 'a victory is very essential to England at this moment.'

The matchless intrepidity of Troubridge and Nelson (which did so much to win the day, without waiting for, and even contrary to orders) forms brilliant episodes in the skilful movements and masterly manœuvres of the commander-in-chief.

"At twelve o'clock, as the *Culloden* was reaching close up to the enemy, and their weather division now passed a-head, the British fleet hoisted their colours, and the *Culloden* opened her fire. But as precisely what the signal directed was the course that gallant ship steered, it led her, not exactly through the gap in the enemy's line, but towards two three-decked ships, the last of the hostile weather division, and so directly on board the last and largest of them, that 'Captain Troubridge's first-lieutenant, the late gallant Rear-Admiral Griffiths, reported the collision that seemed inevitable. 'Can't help it, Griffiths; let the weakest fend off,' was that most gallant hero's only reply. The lieutenant's duty ended with making the report; and the *Culloden* standing straight forward, soon let it be seen that the smallest ship was not the feeblest antagonist. For though she stood-on till through every port on all three decks of the enemy's ship the crew could be perceived at their quarters pointing their guns, and ready to fire, two of the *Culloden*'s double-shot broadsides told with such dreadful effect, and threw the Spaniard so irrecoverably into confusion, that she went about, and the guns of her other side not being even cast loose, she did not fire a single

* "The last information about this battle which the author had the honour of receiving from this gallant admiral was, that those 'double-shot broadsides were fired as if by a seconds watch, and in the silence of a port-admiral's inspection.'"

shot, while the Culloden passed straight and triumphantly through. Scarcely had she broken the enemy's line than the commander-in-chief signalled the order to tack in succession. But so well was this anticipated by Captain Troubridge, that before the signal flew on board the Victory, the proper flags to repeat it were already hoisted up to the Culloden's top-gallant mast-head, but not yet displayed to view; and at almost the very same moment that the command was given by the admiral, Captain Troubridge called out, 'Break the stop—down with the helm!' and instantly the Culloden, repeating the signal, went about. With such most dashing promptitude as this in executing the manœuvre he intended, Sir John Jervis was indeed and above measure delighted. 'Look, Jackson!' he rapturously exclaimed, 'look at Troubridge there! he tacks his ship to battle as if the eyes of all England were upon him; and would to God they were,—for then they would see him to be what I know him, and, by heavens, sir, as the Dons will soon feel him!' The Blenheim, Prince George, and Orion, tacked in admirably close order; but the Colossus was obliged to wear—for as she ranged up in her turn, her fore-yard was shot through in the slings. The leeward division of the enemy, perceiving the fatal consequences of their disunited order of sailing, now endeavoured to retrieve the day, and to break through the British line."—About this time, and while the Victory was in the thickest of the fight, the smoke not permitting the commander-in-chief to see all the ships of his squadron as distinctly as he wished, he went to the poop to obtain a clearer sight of the battle. While he was there coolly surveying them, a marine close by him was struck by a cannon-shot, which smashed his head, and Sir John was literally covered from hat to knees by the man's brains and blood. Seeing him in that state, and fearing he was wounded, Capt. Grey ran up, making the most earnest inquiries: 'I am not at all hurt,' replied the admiral, calmly, and at the same time wiping his mouth, into which a quantity of blood had flown; 'but do, George, try if you can get me an orange.' A youthful aide-de-camp soon brought one from the cockpit, and Sir John rinsed his mouth with the utmost composure. On his return to the quarter-deck, he gave the command for signal 41; viz. to take suitable positions for mutual support, and to engage the enemy closer. At this period of the battle the Spanish commander-in-chief bore up, with nine sail-of-the-line, to run round the British line, and rejoin his leeward division. This was a gallant and formidable manœuvre; but no sooner was it commenced than his eye caught it whose greatest wish it ever was to be the first to find and foremost to fight his enemy; and Commodore Nelson, instead of waiting till his turn to tack in succession would bring him into action, hesitated not to depart from the prescribed mode of attack, and ordered his ship to be immediately wore, to meet the enemy's design. Instantly the Excellent was signalled to support the commodore in this his own most masterly manœuvre, which was completely successful, at once arresting the Spanish commander-in-chief, and carrying Nelson and Collingwood together into the van and brunt of the battle."—In the evening, while talking over the events of the day, Captain Calder hinted that the spontaneous manœuvre which carried those *duo fulmina belli*, Nelson and Collingwood, into the brunt of battle, was an unauthorised departure by the commodore from the prescribed mode of attack! 'It certainly was so,' replied Sir John Jervis; 'and if ever you commit such

a breach of your orders, I will forgive you also.'"

The mutiny which menaced the wreck of the British empire, and the fearful hangings and punishments which it imposed, were met with indomitable rigour by Lord St. Vincent, to whose conduct on this trying occasion Mr. T. imputes the salvation of our force in the foreign seas. But into so painful a matter we will not enter. Neither shall we embark in the political questions in which Lord St. Vincent was involved as first lord of the Admiralty.* Where any blame is admitted, Mr. Tucker appears to throw it on the noble lord's yielding more than he approved of to his colleagues in office. In other respects he boldly justifies his measures, as directed to uproot the wasteful jobbing and corruptions of the service; and, above all, he charges Mr. Pitt, who brought the matter before the House of Commons, with acting in a perfectly undefensible manner, on the laxest principles of political warfare,—which will be for ever a stain on his character.

After this, when Lord St. Vincent struck his latest flag, we have the following anecdote:—

"The king commanded the presence of his great admiral at a private audience. After homage had been paid to majesty, George III. expressed deep regrets that his officer would not continue in command of his Channel fleet; to which Lord St. Vincent replied, 'Sire, my life ever has been, and ever will be, at your majesty's disposal; but I am the guardian of my own honour, and I could not place it in the hands of your majesty's present ministers.' The king at first appeared rather displeased; but, then in the most gracious manner said, 'Well, Lord St. Vincent, you have now quitted active service, as you say, for ever,—tell me, do you think the naval service is better or worse than when you first entered it?' Lord St. Vincent: 'Very much worse, may it please your majesty.' The King, very quickly: 'How so? how so?' Lord St. Vincent: 'Sire, I have always thought that a sprinkling of nobility was very desirable in the navy, as it gives some sort of consequence to the service; but at present the navy is so overrun by the younger branches of nobility, and the sons of members of parliament, and they so swallow up all the patronage, and so choke the channel to promotion, that the son of an old officer, however meritorious both their services may have been, has little or no chance of getting on.' The king: 'Pray who was serving captain of the fleet under your lordship?' Lord St. Vincent: 'Rear-admiral Osborne, sire, the son of an old officer.' The king: 'Osborne, Osborne! I think there are more than one of that name admirals.' Lord St. Vincent: 'Yes, sire, there are three brothers all admirals.' The king: 'That's pretty well for democracy, I think?' Lord St. Vincent: 'Sire,—the father of those officers served twenty years as first-lieutenant, with my dear friend Admiral Barrington, who had never sufficient interest to get him beyond the rank of commander. He was of necessity obliged to send all his sons to sea, and to my own knowledge, they never had any thing more than their pay to live on; nevertheless they always appeared as gentlemen; they were self-educated, and they got on in the service upon the strength of their own merits alone: and, sire, I hope your majesty will pardon me for saying, I would rather promote the son of an old deserving

officer than of any noble in the land.' The king mused for a minute or two, and then said, 'I think you're right, Lord St. Vincent, quite right.'"

In after years, 1810, 11, 12, when we hear only of the gallant admiral as a peer of parliament, not even Mr. Tucker's statements can reconcile us to his praises. He mercilessly condemned the Peninsular war, and attempted to get His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent or Lord Moira sent out to command the forces; and when baffled, anticipated nothing but failure and ruin, and talked of the disgraceful dismissal, if not the impeachment of ministers: upon all which we shall close with one brief remark, without disparagement to royalty or bravery, viz. *The Duke of Wellington did quite as well!!*

The Prism of Imagination. By the Baroness de Calabrella. London, Longman and Co.

The *Literary Gazette* has been more esteemed for seeking merits to be praised than demerits to be objurgated in the productions which have come under its notice; and, in simple truth, we have always believed that it was not only the most pleasant, but the most just, sound, and discriminating criticism to set ourselves rather to discover and encourage even latent beauties, than to ferret out and decry trivial blemishes. But when we took up this volume, and glanced over its elegant and gorgeous embellishments on every page, we forthwith (as if smitten with envy) made a tacit pact with ourselves for once to desecrate our old canons, and, adopting those of some of our contemporaries, try to point out as many faults in it as our microscopic powers, mental and physical, could enable us to detect. We had better have tried our skill upon some other work,* for this is really such a performance as nothing insular, or continental, has approached in a novel style of graceful and splendid ornament. We can give no idea of it. It must be seen to be appreciated as an artistic gem and literary curiosity. Every page is surrounded by a border about an inch in breadth, of various charming arabesques in different colours and in gold. Some are models of taste; some are specimens of richness; all are delightfully inventive and pleasing. Need we enumerate title-pages, tail-pieces, fanciful initials, superb binding, and other attractions? It would only be to add panegyric to eulogy; and we repeat, the *Prism of Imagination* must be seen and pored over to be justly prized. As far as Mr. Owen Jones has exercised his talent in this department, he has surpassed his Alhambra, and produced a work unique in English publication.

Unlike the accomplished writer's preceding much-admired annual, the *Prism of Thought*, which consisted of moral and intellectual apothegms, the present volume contains five tales, illustrated by Mr. Warren, with designs, which have a trying contrast to endure in the midst of Mr. Jones's glowing treasury. They are, the Miniature, the Ring, the Pen, the Armlet, and the Watch; but it is little matter what an imagination all compact chooses for its theme; Cowper's *Sofa* or *Taskare* as susceptible as the starry firmament or immortal spirit of eliciting fine thoughts, happy imagery, and touching or ennobling sentiment. In performing her part the Baroness de Calabrella has displayed all the feeling and cultivation that could be required. Her manner is, in our day of ambitious style and highly wrought effects, exceedingly grateful, as a relief from the torpid and striking. There is a simplicity and

* We had almost forgotten one blot, a typographical error, in the first tale, by which Priscian's head is severely broken, and "objects breathes" the mistake.

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* At pages 206, 7, vol. ii, we cannot help, however, pointing to a just panegyric on the late Dr. Baird, for his consummate skill and judgment in detecting and correcting most of the naval medical abuses of his day.—*Ed. L. G.*

naturalness about it, together with a tone of unaffected sensibility, which bring the strains of the fancy home to the responsive chords of the heart. Its great praise is, that it is not like writing for the public:—the narrative is begun, flows on, and ends, just as if there was no such thing as labour in composition, and all were a quiet communing of the mind upon events which had fallen out in the ordinary course of things, and even when most strange most strictly true and inevitable.

The Miniature (for example) presents to us the picture of a sorrowful young mother and two rosy infant children; and out of their portraiture the author has woven a tale of deep domestic interest, which it would be inhuman to spoil by quotation. The Ring takes a wider range, as may be surmised from the exordium,

"A ring! the magic circle of the wizard's wand. A ring! the golden link which binds our earthly destinies, uniting us to another self for weal or woe. A ring! the orbit of the heavenly bodies. A ring! the symbol of eternity; a form without beginning or end. But this ring before us, so mystic in its character, has been no wedding-ring. May it have been the signet of some unlettered chief? or may it be the ring connected with the following Eastern tale?" And a charming oriental story illumines the influence of the supposed talisman; for Naouna and her beloved prince arrive at happiness, not through the charm, but through her efforts to deserve it.

"Among the unenlightened and superstitious the influence exercised by Selim and Naouna was attributed to the talismanic ring; but it became as evident to those who were admitted to their confidence, as it had all along been to the aged prince, that, though the promise of the dervise had inspired Naouna with the desire and stimulated her in the pursuit of wisdom, that she might at the appointed time obtain possession of the talisman, its magic influence really consisted in her own power of judgment and her rare acquirements; and that it was through these qualities she was enabled to act with the discretion which marked her whole life, making her adored and respected by her husband, her children, and her subjects. How many a tale of real life might furnish us with a similar result, were we not too prone to judge of effects without looking for their causes! Naouna's ring, in its effective sense, may have sparkled on many a finger, but under the more homely figure of a school prize-book or a golden medal." A noble moral, and never to be lost sight of in the training of youth.

The Pen is a brief story; and the Armlet one of Ind, in which remarkable native superstitions are well described, and turned in the sequel to good account; and, last of all, the Watch is full of historical memories and pathetic applications. It also reminds us that, when reviewing a volume which every body will possess as soon as they possibly can, we should not waste time upon it, but in one word, "onward," bid it only be known to be the prime favourite of every choice boudoir and library.

The Correspondence between Burns and Clarinda: with a Memoir of Mrs. M'Lehose (Clarinda). Arranged and edited by her Grandson, W. C. M'Lehose. Pp. 297. Edinburgh, W. Tait; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.

THEZ is ecclesiastical law against a man marrying his grandmother; but even without the prohibition, we are rather inclined to think that the practice would never become very

common. In the farce of "My Grandmother," to be sure, there is a young fellow who falls desperately in love (through the medium of a portrait) with one in that degree of relationship to him; but in the end the rogue of a dramatist makes it appear that it is not the picture of his dead granny at all, but of a living beautiful and rattling cousin, whom he is glad enough to receive in exchange, as somatium for the disappointment of his posthumous affections. The editor of the volume before us seems to be pretty much in the condition of the hero in the farce, and to have been so blinded by his antiquarian passion, that he could not see the inexpediency and danger of exposing the memory of his relative to all the surmises to which this correspondence must, of necessity, give rise. The best face that can be put upon such resurrection of a buried love-affair, is, that the lady, of a romantic turn of mind, indulged in an intercourse between Platon and Sappho, neither as pure as ice nor as chaste as snow. Separated from a worthless husband, there was the greater peril in this indulgence; and when we reflect on the warm and amorous nature of Burns, we are the more prone to ask how she could hold the fire in her hand by thinking upon frosty Caucasus, or her expatriated liege lord in Jamaica? The Poet was about the last man in "a' braid Scotland" to try this sort of experiment with or upon in safety; and we see that at their *tête-à-tête* meetings he used to break all bounds, and go to the extent of undefined endearments, which called forth subsequent epistolary wailings of morality and Calvinism. We do not think the risk much lessened by being in juxtaposition with the latter excitement even in the shape of doubts, regret, and remorse. To what actual extent the intrigue was carried, it moves not now to inquire: the very charitable may believe that it was not carried to the last step of criminality; but it is not uncharitable to say that it reached and hesitated on the verge of guilt, if it did not plunge into the gulf. The work should not, therefore, be taken as a defence or palliation of such a course, but as a warning to all, that it is impossible to escape from it without scathe and scorn, if not infamy.

The publication of all love-letters is attended, at least, with ridicule. The slightest sigh of love is not for the ear of the world; its epithets falling into fond and childlike simplicity are laughing-stocks to every other human being but the parties concerned, and its ardours appear to the rest of mankind (when not themselves similarly engaged) to be the consummation of Saint Luke's and Bedlam. And it is worse when these follies are half a century old: there is a painful emotion of saddening contempt mingled with our sense of the absurd. The winding-sheet and the hot embrace, the grave and the rampant transgressing kisses and liberties (confessed in these pages), are dismally incongruous, and distress and revolt the feelings. Mr. M'Lehose has, in our opinion, violated the sanctuary, and done injury to the previously questioned fame of his progenitor.

The adoption of the name of Clarinda might have been more excusable in a silly girl in her teens; but Mrs. M. was the mother of several children, and, as the popular saying is, "a widow bewitched," when she embarked in this adventure, and perhaps only assumed the romance to get rid of the real unneophous and much-hated title of M'Lehose, originally *scotice* Mucklehouse, or Bigstocking. In her case it was also blue; and thus the *éclat* of Burns's

first work led her, at a first meeting, to throw herself headlong into the dangerous position herein represented. On new-year's day 1788, after two or three weeks' acquaintance, she writes thus to her amative Sylvander:—

"You say 'there is no corresponding with an agreeable woman without a mixture of the tender passion.' I believe there is no friendship between people of sentiment and of different sexes without a little softness; but when kept within proper bounds, it only serves to give a higher relish to such intercourse. Love and friendship are names in every one's mouth; but few, extremely few, understand their meaning. Love (or affection) cannot be genuine if it hesitates a moment to sacrifice every selfish gratification to the happiness of its object. On the contrary, when it would purchase that at the expense of this, it deserves to be styled, not love, but by a name too gross to mention. Therefore I contend that an honest man may have a friendly prepossession for a woman whose soul would abhor the idea of an intrigue with her. These are my sentiments upon this subject: I hope they correspond with yours. 'Tis honest in you to wish me to see you 'just as you are.' I believe I have a tolerably just idea of your character. No wonder; for had I been a man, I should have been you. I am not vain enough to think myself equal in abilities; but I am formed with a liveliness of fancy and a strength of passion little inferior."

On the same string she continually harps—always for friendship of the nearest possible kind to love, but never love itself; at least to the extreme of mutual passion. But Burns's temperament was by no means so guarded; he was for the love, and letting friendship follow. He answers:—

"Many happy new years to you, charming Clarinda! I can't dissemble, were it to shun perdition. He who sees you as I have done, and does not love you, deserves to be damned for his stupidity! He who loves you, and would injure you, deserves to be doubly damned for his villainy."

Whatever his idea of the restrictive villainy was at this early day, it soon evaporated, and in his secret evening visits he evidently discomposed the lady's propriety and religion by bolder measures than strict Platonism would warrant. Upon such occasions her next letters teem with curious blame, and fears for the consequences if they persevere in such seductive ways; and then, as a diversion, she inveigles the naughty man into a discussion on Calvinism! To this he is, as might be expected, very ill-inclined; and would, on the contrary, rather pursue his object by the old beaten way of high-flown rhodomontade, and vows, and flattery, and other moonshine. Thus by Sunday-night, the 20th since the date of the correspondence, he tells her:—

"I have written out my last sheet of paper, so I am reduced to my last half sheet. What a strange, mysterious faculty is that thing called imagination! We have no ideas almost at all of another world; but I have often amused myself with visionary schemes of what happiness might be enjoyed by small alterations, alterations that we can fully enter to in this present state of existence. For instance: suppose you and I just as we are at present; the same reasoning powers, sentiments, and even desires; the same fond curiosity for knowledge and remarking observation in our minds; and imagine our bodies free from pain, and the necessary supplies for the wants of nature at all times and easily within our reach. Imagine, further, that we were set free from the laws of gravitation,

which bind us to this globe, and could at pleasure fly, without inconvenience, through all the yet unconjectured bounds of creation; what a life of bliss should we lead in our mutual pursuit of virtue and knowledge, and our mutual enjoyment of friendship and love! I see you laughing at my fairy fancies, and calling me a voluptuous Mahometan; but I am certain I should be a happy creature, beyond any thing we call bliss here below; nay, it would be a paradise congenial to you too. Don't you see us hand in hand, or rather my arm about your lovely waist, making our remarks on Sirius, the nearest of the fixed stars; or surveying a comet flaming innoxious by us, as we just now mark the passing pomp of a travelling monarch; or, in a shady bower of Mercury or Venus, indicating the hour to love, in mutual converse, relying honour, and revelling endearment, while the most exalted strains of poesy and harmony would be the ready spontaneous language of our souls!"

Mahomet, Venus, and Calvin; what a trio! the last, like the tempted St. Anthony, would have been sorely puzzled with "arms about lovely waists," and "revelling endearments" in shady bowers, whatever Mahomet or Venus would have thought of them. But the mixture of sacred topics with this rhapsodical stuff is not a little disagreeable. And we must confess that though perhaps at the moment sincere in his contritions, when Clarinda poured out her apprehensions and warnings aenent the consequences of some of his violations of their pure friendly understanding, we cannot help doubting his constancy in seeking nothing farther.

"Clarinda, my life (says he, January 25), you have wounded my soul. Can I think of your being unhappy, even though it be not described in your pathetic elegance of language, without being miserable? Clarinda, can I bear to be told from you that you will not see me to-morrow night—that you wish the hour of parting were come! Do not let us impose on ourselves by sounds. If, in the moment of fond endearment and tender dalliance, I perhaps trespassed against the letter of Decorum's law, I appeal even to you, whether I ever sinned, in the very least degree, against the spirit of her strictest statute? But why, my love, talk to me in such strong terms; every word of which cuts me to the very soul? You know, a hint, the slightest signification of your wish, is to me a sacred command. Be reconciled, my angel, to your God, yourself, and me; and I pledge you Sylvander's honour—an oath I daresay you will trust without reserve, that you shall never more have reason to complain of his conduct. Now, my love, do not wound our next meeting with any averted looks or restrained caresses. I have marked the line of conduct—a line, I know, exactly to your taste—and which I will inviolably keep; but do not you shew the least inclination to make boundaries. Seeming distrust, where you know you may confide, is a cruel sin against sensibility."

And nearly three weeks later (during which were daily letters, interviews, &c. &c.):—

"My ever-dearest Clarinda,—I make a numerous dinner-party wait me while I read yours, and write this. Do not require that I should cease to love you, to adore you in my soul; 'tis to me impossible: your peace and happiness are to me dearer than my soul. Name the terms on which you wish to see me, to correspond with me, and you have them. I must

love, pine, mourn, and adore in secret: this you must not deny me. You will ever be to me 'Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes.'

"Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart." I have not patience to read the Puritanic scrawl, Damned sophistry! Ye heavens, thou God of nature, thou Redeemer of mankind! ye look down with approving eyes on a passion inspired by the purest flame, and guarded by truth, delicacy, and honour; but the half-inch soul of an unfeeling, cold-blooded, pitiful Presbyterian bigot cannot forgive any thing above his dungeon-bosom and foggy head. Farewell! I'll be with you to-morrow evening; and be at rest in your mind. I will be yours in the way you think most to your happiness. I dare not proceed. I love, and will love you; and will, with joyous confidence, approach the throne of the Almighty Judge of men with your dear idea; and will despise the scum of sentiment and the mist of sophistry.

"SYLVANDER."

We would hope that this letter was written, like some of the others, *after* and not *before* dinner; for it is altogether wild and worthless. But how does the Calvinistic Clarinda resent it? "I wish you were here to-night to comfort me. I feel hurt and depressed; but to-morrow I hope for a cordial from your dear hand! I must bid you good night. Remember your Clarinda. Every blessing be yours! Your letter this moment. Why did you write before to-day? Thank you for it. I figure your heartfelt enjoyment last night. Oh, to have been of the party! Where was it? I'd like to know the very spot. My head aches so I can't write more; but I have kissed your dear lines over and over. Adieu!"

A not very decent letter, of 22d February, from Burns, at Kilmarnock (p. 228, 9), smacks strongly of foregone conclusion; and on the 2d of March there is a suspicious confirmation from Cumnock:—"Tell me, first of woman-kind, will my warmest attachment, my sincerest friendship, my correspondence,—will they be any compensation for the sacrifices you make for my sake? If they will, they are yours. If I settle on the farm I propose, I am just a day and a half's ride from Edinburgh. We shall meet: don't you say, 'Perhaps too often'?"

And the lady writes in return:—"You would see by my last how anxious I was, even then, to hear from you. 'Tis the first time I ever had reason to be so; I hope 'twill be the last. My thoughts were yours both Sunday nights at eight. Why should my letter have affected you? You know I count all things (Heaven excepted) but loss, that I may win and keep you. I supped at Mr. Kemp's on Friday. Had been an invisible spectator with what perfect ease I acquitted myself, you would have been pleased, highly pleased with me."—And he:—"A hundred times a day do I figure you before your taper,—your book or work laid aside as I get within the room. How happy have I been! and how little of that scanty portion of time, called the life of man, is sacred to happiness, much less transport. . . . To be overtopped in any thing else, I can bear; but in the tests of generous love, I defy all mankind! not even to the tender, the fond, the loving Clarinda—she whose strength of attachment, whose melting soul, may vie with Eloisa and Sappho, not even she can overpay the affection she owes me!"—And she:—"When you meet young beauties, think of Clarinda's aff'ction, of her situation, of how much her happiness depends on you."—And he:—"I thank you for all the happiness you bestowed on me yesterday. The walk—delightful; the evening—rapture. Do not be

uneasy to-day, Clarinda; forgive me. . . . Will you open, with satisfaction and delight, a letter from a man who loves you, who has loved you, and who will love you to death, through death, and for ever? Oh, Clarinda! what do I owe to Heaven for blessing me with such a piece of exalted excellence as you? I call over your idea as a miser counts over his treasure! Tell me, were you studious to please me last night? I am sure you did it to transport. How rich am I who have such a treasure as you! You know me; you know how to make me happy, and you do it most effectually. God bless you with

"Long life, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend!" To-morrow night, according to your own direction, I shall watch the window: 'tis the star that guides me to paradise."

And then they have a quarrel, and he will not (p. 259) acquiesce in the "name of a villain," but styles her "madam," and asks, "How can you expect a correspondent should write you, when you declare that you mean to preserve his letters, with a view, sooner or later, to expose them on the pillory of derision and the rack of criticism?"

It is just possible that the woman's vanity and encouragement to the last limit of prudence may have befooled the enthusiastic and arorous bard to this extent, no more; but assuredly the public will agree with us, that Mr. W. C. M'Lehose has desperately damaged his Grandmother.

Memoirs of J. S. Munden, Comedian. By his Son. Pp. 330. London, Bentley.

With a portrait of the admirable comedian as Sir Francis Gripe, this volume presents the public, in a distinct form, with those agreeable papers which have appeared separately in *Bentley's Miscellany*. In the life of Munden there was nothing surprising; but the details of his stage-career are of that gossip-nature which interests the lovers of the drama, and may be very useful to those who are professionally engaged, and aim at excellence in their art. For Munden was an eminent artist,—eminent for tears, more eminent for laughter! As we observe the *Literary Gazette's* opinion of him on his taking leave of the stage quoted at length in the work, we will not here repeat our almost unqualified panegyric; and, with regard to the slight distinction we have just made between the degrees of merit, or rather of effect, between his pathos and his merriment, we may remark that it rests simply on this condition, that his *vis comica*, in Nipperkin, Old Dozey, and a host of similar farce-characters, had so potently infected every spectator with a predisposition to uncontrollable mirth, that when he presented himself, even with all the fine traits of feeling and nature of Old Dornton, it was almost impossible sufficiently to forget that our last impressions from his acting had been those of irresistible humour. It was the remembrance of one inimitable line, which partially interfered with the perfect enjoyment of another. But in all he did Munden possessed this rare quality: he was in perfect keeping (as painters say) from first to last on every morsel of his canvas. If the key to his tone of colouring was as low as Rembrandt, his rich shadows were sombre throughout; if as vivid as Turner, the brilliancy never departed. He was never piebald; never one half bright and the other dark. His whim and fun were inexhaustible; he revelled in absurdities, but absurdities measured by consummate skill and discretion. In social company, away from the theatre, he was, if possible,

* The letters of Clarinda, referred to in this and the three following letters, were not found by the editor among the papers of Mrs. M'Lehose, when delivered to him."

still more entertaining in ballad and monopoly-
logue. We have frequently seen him hold a
party for half an hour together in convulsions
of mirth, whilst, as he recounted some tale of
a waggoner or low cockney, his ever-varying
features (closely visible in their slightest move-
ments) and his glorious orbs (for he, like Banni-
ster,* had as splendid eyes as ever shone in a
human head) crowning all the rest with their
matchless accompaniment of change in every
imaginable phase, told more richly than his
voice the adventures of the hero in distress or
happiness. It was a great treat,—so great,
that other very distinguished and popular bro-
thers of the mimic trade would crouch down,
unobserved, to watch the exhibition of their
most accomplished master.

Such was Joe Munden in public. Of the
close of his private and domestic life, his son
does not offer us so pleasant a picture; but
represents him as ultimately a prey to sordid
miserliness. We have no doubt this is true;
but it is not very filial.

Few or none of the memoirs of actors since
the days of Colley Cibber have fulfilled the ex-
pectations entertained of them; and this is per-
haps inalienable in their very nature. In the
performer we have known nothing but talent
and brightness, genius and triumph; but in the
memoir we come to the man, to actual life,
with its cold and dull passages, its rehearsals
and fatigues, its common-places and every-day
every-body-isms. The *prestige* is gone; and
the Star is no star to his dresser, any more
than the hero is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*.
But be that set aside—we have no Mundens
now. Farren, another finished hand, is, we
hope, not lost to us beyond a short period; but
neither Jones nor Liston will come again; and
Power has, we fear, dissolved the intimate union
with Ireland for ever, though there are some
who aim fairly at its re-establishment. Macready,
baffled in England, has been driven to pursue
his triumphant career in another hemisphere;
and the Alexander taken from us, his very
lieutenants cannot agree about the division of
his empire into the rule of tolerable states and
dominions. In peculiar lines we have a few
clever and a few rising instances; but the actual
situation of the drama, the theatres, and the
profession, forbid the hope that any thing really
great can arise to compensate us for bygone
times. Not in the *laudator temporis acti* spirit
do we speak thus; but seeing what we have
seen, and seeing what we now see, we cannot
but remember such things were, and were most
dear to us.

The Student's Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts.
No. XLIII. Edinburgh, T. Clark; London,
Simpkin and Marshall.

We notice this particular No. of a very solid
and ably conducted serial (though we have not

* We lately heard an interesting anecdote of Bannister, which we may be at liberty to relate. Within a few days of his death, aware of the near approach of that awful event, he sent messages to some of his most intimate friends to come (if they wished) and take leave of him. Among others, a lady, who had been long one of the most esteemed of these, paid him the last tribute of a melancholy visit: and when shown into the room, where he was rocking to and fro in his chair, groaning with pain, by the side of an indignant fire, the old spirit brightened up for a moment, and he said to her, "Is not that a pretty fire for a dying man? Here we are, my dear Mrs. — both going out together!" Munden's style was broader than that of Bannister's; but both were richly gifted with innate humour, and we might say, a love of joke and fun; and each possessed a vein of feeling which melted the sternest hearts. Who can forget Bannister's Walter in the *Children of the Wood*—his Farewell, when the whole theatre was in tears?

seen the series, and only a No. occasionally), because it contains, among other philosophical tracts, the first distinct account we have met with in this country of the school of religious philosophy or philosophical religion which has sprung out of a grafting of Kant's German metaphysics upon the tenets of unitarianism, in Massachusetts. Though a little out of our literary course, this statement is so much within the spirit of our general views, that we make no excuse for selecting some strong features to illustrate it from the little volume before us. From various leading American teachers* we copy the following dogmata:—

"With intelligent and reflecting men of every pursuit and persuasion, many of them had been led to feel the necessity of a more thorough reform in theology; they were not satisfied that the denial of the Trinity and its kindred doctrines gave them possession of all spiritual truth: they wished to press forward in the course which they had begun, to ascend to higher views, to gain a deeper insight into Christianity, to imbibe more fully its divine spirit, and to apply the truths of revelation to the wants of society and the progress of man."—"In the course of the inquiries which they had entered into, for their own satisfaction, and the good of their people, they had become convinced of the superiority of the testimony of the soul to the evidence of the external senses; the essential character of Christianity as a principle of spiritual faith, of reliance on the Universal Father."—"It cannot have escaped general observation, that religion for some time has failed to exert that influence over the mind and the heart that it should. There is not much open scepticism, not much avowed infidelity, but there is a vast amount of concealed doubt and untold difficulty."—"It is my duty to say to you, that the need was never greater of a new revelation than now. From the views I have already expressed, you will infer the sad conviction, which I have, I believe, with numbers, of the universal decay and now almost death of faith in society. The soul is not preached. The church seems to totter to its fall, almost all life extinct. . . . I think no man can go with his thoughts about him into one of our churches, without feeling that what hold the public worship once had on men is gone or going. It has lost its grasp on the affection of the good, and the fear of the bad. In the country neighbourhoods, half parishes are signing off, to use the local term. . . . The prayers and even the dogmas of our church are like the zodiac of Denderah, and the astronomical instruments of the Hindoos, wholly insulated from any thing now extant in the life and business of the people. They mark the height to which the waters once rose."—"We have only to listen to the voice of spontaneous reason, or to the teachings of our own souls, the light that shines within us, and all will be perfectly intelligible and absolutely certain. And hence, we need no external revelation, no inspired teacher, to solve our doubts and difficulties, or to make any part of natural religion, or any principle of moral duty, either more plain or more certain. We are, all of us, prophets of God, all inspired through our reason, and we need no one to instruct and enlighten us. The great seers of ancient times, Moses and the prophets, Christ and the apostles, were no otherwise inspired than we are; they only cultivated and listened to spontaneous reason more than ordinary men: and this enabled them to see further, and to speak

* The Rev. G. Ripley, the Rev. O. A. Brownson, the Rev. R. W. Emerson.

and write better, than any other men on religious subjects."

The whole resolves itself into various modifications of Pantheism; and we are told:—

"As Pantheists, the Transcendentalists must behold God, or the divine nature and essence, in every thing that exists. Of course, none of them can ever doubt the existence of God, or be in the least danger of atheism; for they cannot believe any thing to exist, without finding God in it; they see him, they feel him, they have sensible perception of his very substance in every object around. Moreover, if our souls are only portions of the divinity, if they are really God working in us, then there is solid ground for the belief that spontaneous reason always sees the true nature of things, or has divine knowledge of the objects of its contemplation. And again, if it is the divine nature which lives and acts in all creatures and things, then all their action is divine action. All created intelligences think, and feel, and act, as God acts in them: and of course, precisely as he would have them. There can, then, be nothing wrong, nothing sinful, in the character or conduct of any rational being. There may be imperfection, or imperfect action, because the whole power of God is not exerted; but every act, so far as it goes, is just what it should be, just such as best pleases God. And hence, though men may sigh over their imperfections, or may ardently desire and strive to become more perfect, yet they can have no reason for repentance, for sorrow and shame and self-condemnation, for any thing they have done or have omitted to do. Neither can they feel themselves to need any radical change of character, to make them acceptable to God: or any redeemer, to rescue them from impending perdition. All they need is, to foster the divinity within, to give it more full scope and more perfect action; then they will become all that it is possible they should be, and all they can reasonably desire. These inferences from their principles are not palmed upon Transcendentalists by their adversaries, but are admitted and defended by their ablest writers. Says one of them, holding as they do but one essence of all things, which essence is God, Pantheists must deny the existence of essential evil. All evil is negative,—it is imperfection, non-growth. It is not essential, but modal. Of course, there can be no such sin as hereditary sin, a tendency positively sinful in the soul. Sin is not a wilful transgression of a righteous law, but the difficulty and obstruction which the infinite meets with in entering into the finite. Regeneration is nothing but an ingress of God into the soul, before which sin disappears as darkness before the rising sun. Pantheists hold also to the atonement, or at-one-ment between the soul and God. This is strictly a unity or oneness of essence, to be brought about by the incarnation of the spirit of God [in us], which is going on in us as we grow in holiness. As we grow wise, just, and pure,—in a word, holy,—we grow to be one with him in mode, as we always were in essence. This atonement is effected by Christ, only in as far as he taught the manner in which it was to be accomplished more fully than any other, and gave us a better illustration of the method and result in his own person than any one else that has ever lived."

The principles of a new, very numerous, and growing sect are developed in these extracts.

The Light Dragoons. By the Author of the
"Subaltern," &c. 2 vols. Colburn.

PURPORTING to be the twenty years' journal of a private in the 11th Light Dragoons, George

Farmer was fortunate in conciliating such an editor as Mr. Gleig. Under his auspices this story has run a popular course through the *New Monthly Magazine*, and is now deservedly republished in toto. A brief advertisement prefixed is of a very satisfactory nature, among the thousand accusations against publishers for ill usage of authors; for Mr. Gleig says, "Mr. Colburn has remunerated the old soldier to his heart's content, and more than compensated me for the trouble I have had." Would that such transactions were always so concluded, and straightforward honesty and liberality pursued instead of vacillation and out-maneuvring!

1. *The British Almanac and Companion for 1844.* Pp. circ. 350. London, C. Knight.—2. *The Weather Almanac.* By P. Murphy, Esq. Pp. 48. T. Ward and Co.—3. *The British Farmer's Almanac.* Pp. 96. Stationers' Company.—4. *The Gardener's Almanac.* By G. W. Johnson, Esq. Pp. 96. Idem.—5. *The Garden Almanac.* By Joseph Harrison. Pp. 85. H. G. Clarke and Co.

SURELY the place of Francis Moore, physician, must be satisfactorily filled up, after all the Annuals, Pocket-books, and Almanacs we have already noticed, to have such a batch as the above to speak of. No. 1 is, as usual, a very ample and complete volume for useful information, though the remarks on public improvements are rather deferred than a performed task; and the Chronicle of occurrences is more scanty than heretofore. In all other respects both Almanac and Companion deserve the same commendations as ever. In No. 2, Mr. Murphy supplies us with meteorological announcements for the ensuing year according to his weatherwise system; but as we are not equally (or rather other-) wise, we confess that we are not able to a review of its merits till Christmas 1844. In a concluding "scientific" *coup d'essai*, Mr. M. proves to his own satisfaction that the moon is as the earth, and inhabited; that M. Arago, *inter alia*, for maintaining the contrary, is a much overrated philosopher; and that Sir I. Newton is a high priest of error in attributing tides, &c. to the influence of Luna, and holding by the doctrines of gravitation, which Mr. M. has now exploded. No. 3, in addition to the customary intelligence, has a quantity for the agriculturist, lists of fairs, &c.; and No. 4 does as much for horticulturists. In the same line, as the name imports, is the Almanac of Mr. Harrison, teaching from month to month all sorts of gardening operations. In conclusion: we ought to be a wise people, seeing that we can have thus a whole year's instructions before (besides in No. 1 a retrospect of the year 1843), what weather is to occur, and how we are to farm, garden, clothe, appoint our engagements, and conduct ourselves in every pleasurable and rational respect.

A Letter to Nassau W. Senior, Esq. in reply to the Article "Free Trade and Retaliation," in the Edinburgh Review, No. CLVII. By R. Torrens, Esq. F.R.S. Pp. 90. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. SENIOR having committed himself to a contradiction, Colonel Torrens (p. 6) seizes hold of him at a great advantage; and is too acute a reasoner to let go his gripe till he has not only given him a rough shake on the point at issue, but employed his percussive power all through the argument. Our forte is not political economy; but we may say of this able performance, that it is far beyond a controversial triumph, and treats of most of the questions of

internal policy and international commerce, on which the weal or woe of the empire depends, in a masterly manner, conveying much intelligence, and greatly enlightening the most obscure and difficult problems.

Edward Somers: a Domestic Story, and a Legend of the Coast. By the Author of "Poems by Viator." 12mo, pp. 42. London, Lloyd and Co.

THESE are little to be said for these trifles: indeed they are very poor affairs. The hero goes to *recherche balls*, and becomes *répandu*, and praises his landlady for her *domiciliary* arrangements. Before writing, one ought to learn to spell; and before publishing, understand the English language, and have something to write about. "They married upon next to nothing," is the phraseology for the union of two persons in indifferent circumstances; and we are then told that, "as is always the case in marriages of that description, children came upon them one after another [never twins], till at last they found themselves with a family of nine" (as many lives as a cat); and such is the sort of pribble prabble throughout.

Caleb Stukeley. 3 vols. London and Edinburgh, Blackwood.

ADMISSION into the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, where Caleb Stukeley has originally told his miscellaneous tale, is a sufficient guarantee for his merits. Indeed, it is a production of much acute observation on London life, and endless diversities of character; often varying scenes of humble humour by others naturally pathetic; so that the smile and the tear are equally due to the talents of the author. His name is not given; but we have reason to believe this is a first work; and assuredly it is one of much promise, as well as of immediate entertainment from beginning to end. Many of the *dramatis personae* are drawn with striking spirit, and will be recognised as types of familiar classes hitherto seldom truly painted.

The Philosophy of Christian Morals. By Samuel Spalding, M.A., of the London University. 8vo, pp. 231.

THE premature death of this distinguished young man and Christian, who passed a very highly honourable examination at the London University in 1840, throws a melancholy halo round his only and his posthumous work. To his friends, and the numbers who admired his talents and loved his virtues, it will indeed be, like the rainbow, a brightness of tears; but the rest of the community may study its pages with similar profit and less sorrow.

A Tabular Contrast. By Philopatris. Pp. 24. London, Mitchell; Hertford, Cobb.

A VERY short pamphlet, in which a contrast is instituted between the last and the present administration, highly in favour of the Conservatives.

A Diagram to define the Lives of the Early Patriarchs, &c. By H. L. Smith, M.R.C.S., &c. 12mo, pp. 129. Cheltenham, Mimpis; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

FOLLOWING, or rather outstripping, the school of Hutchinson in deducing from the (often merely fanciful) meanings of Hebrew names the mental as well as physical characteristics of the early inhabitants of our earth, the writer mixes up with his explanation (?) of his diagram a strange mass of "speculative opinions" on many dissimilar subjects, which we fear can have little tendency to promote the laudable object he has in view, viz. to induce those in humble life so to examine and make themselves masters of the Scriptures, as to enable them to

refute the "falsehoods and calumnies against morality and religion" promulgated by the Socialists in lectures and periodical publications. That such may be its effect we sincerely wish; but that such *will*, we gravely doubt.

Selecta e Poetis Latinis ordine temporum disposita. Pp. 276. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS is the selection used in the well-devised system of classical education which is pursued in Edinburgh, and is a rich treasure of Latin lore. Plautus, Terence, Lucretius, Catullus, Persius, Lucan, Silius Italicus, Martial, Statius, Juvenal, Claudian, and others, all contribute to its carefully compiled pages; and as a miscellany, long after school-days and school-tools, we commend it as a desirable refresher to the memories of those who, like ourselves, have forgotten much of what we learnt in elder times.

Simonite's Juvenile Grammar of the English Language. Pp. 108. London, Simpkin and Marshall; Sheffield, Greaves.

A WELL-DEvised abridgment of the useful *Self-Teaching Grammar*, either for family tuition or schools.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 30. *Anniversary Meeting.*—Lord Northampton in the chair. The gold medals were awarded; one to Prof. Forbes for his paper "On extinction of solar rays," and the other to Prof. Wheatstone for his instruments for measuring the force of electric currents. A Copley medal was voted to Dumas for his chemical researches. The following is the list of officers for the ensuing year, those in italics being the new members of council:—*President*: The Marquis of Northampton. *Treasurer*: Sir J. W. Lubbock. *Secretaries*: Dr. Roget and S. H. Christie, Esq. *Foreign Secretary*: J. F. Daniell, Esq. *Other Members of the Council*: Dr. Barry, W. Bowman, Esq., Sir T. M. Brisbane, H. J. Brooke, Esq., R. Brown, Esq., Dr. Chambers, G. Dollond, Esq., T. Graham, Esq., J. T. Graves, Esq., Dr. Lee, W. H. Miller, Esq., R. I. Murchison, Esq., R. Owen, Esq., Dr. Pereira, Capt. J. C. Ross, R.N., and J. Walker, Esq.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 28.—A numerous assembly welcomed the society to their new commodious quarters in Hanover Square. Mr. Yarrell presided. A letter from M. Gannal was read. It stated that the arsenical preparations were inefficient to the preservation of zoological specimens beyond about three years exposed to the air, and a shorter period if enclosed in glass cases. It recommended in lieu thereof the use of salts of alum as a protection against decay, and of nux vomica against the ravages of insects. Two papers "On the classification of shells," by Mr. L. Reeve, were read in brief (they are to be communicated in detail to a future meeting), the time being required for the promised account of the *Dinornis Nova Zealandie*, by Prof. Owen, and a masterly account it was. Our readers will remember, that an evening lecture on the gigantic bird of New Zealand, was delivered to the British Association at Cork by the learned professor, and reported at length in *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1390, p. 585. A letter from the Rev. W. C. Cotton, there given, states that the Rev. W. Williams had sent two cases of the bones to Dr. Buckland. These have since come to hand, and have been submitted to Prof. Owen, whose report thereon formed the paper read to the society. A femur, tibia, and the

destructive tarso-metatarsal bone, were the objects of the former investigation, which led to the reference of the great bird of New Zealand to a distinct genus in the struthious order, named by the investigator *Dinornis*. The new collection consists of several bones of various sizes: femora, tibiae one 2 ft. 10 in. long, tarso-metatarsal bones, phalanges, and pelvis, also a few cervical vertebrae, but no wing bones nor scapulae. The tarso-metatarsal bones have again proved the chief assistants to a knowledge of the "terrible bird" as the name infers. The professor, from the different sizes of these and other of the bones, was at first inclined to believe that they belonged to the same species at distinct periods of life,—the larger to the older birds; but soon he detected, that although differing in length and thickness, three or four presented all the characters of maturity, whilst one larger than either exhibited proofs of early age. The latter had a groove running up the front of the bone, and visibly dividing the three confluent bones of the tarso-metatarsal; whereas those of the older birds were conjoined with a hard and strong tuberosity, and were ridged, and supplied with a blind foramen. This fact, and other able comparisons and deductions, led Prof. Owen to assert, that the bones before him once belonged to five species of *Dinornis*; for the largest of these,—which owned the tibia of 2 ft. 10 in., and which must have stood 10 feet high, computed 16 from the former less complete data,—he proposed the specific name, *Dinornis giganteus*; for the second, about 7 feet in height, *D. struthoides*; for the third, which he thought most resembled the extinct dodo, *D. didiformis*; for the fourth, *D. dromaeoides*, and for the fifth and smallest equalling in size the existing Bustard, *D. otidiformis*. The still existing aptyx is about half that size.

These enormous birds, then, probably, were very numerous; and tradition gives them a recent existence, and hearsay even goes so far as to assert that such now live. The locality of the bones,—the mud of Wairoa river running into Poverty Bay,—and their apparent freshness, give colour to these reports; we trust that, for the sake of zoology, one of even the smaller "terribles" may be captured; such a prize, however, is scarcely wanting to the confirmation of the deductions from the bones, so powerfully has comparative anatomy been brought to bear on the subject. None of the bones of the *Dinornis* are pneumatic, hence the larger species must have been reptile-like and sluggish; and if living within the period of man, an easy prey, and therefore their rapid and possibly entire destruction. The remark as to the freshness of the bones, and an allusion to their chemical components, gave rise to a lengthened discussion. Dr. Falconer asked whether any chemical analysis had exhibited fluate of lime, because several fossil bones, and even mummy bones, have been shewn to contain this substance in a greater or less degree, and that an opinion had been promulgated that, in time, the phosphate of lime of bones becomes converted into the fluate. Prof. Owen replied that his chemical examination only went to maceration in muriatic acid, and that a large proportion of animal matter was evidenced, but that some of the bones had been submitted to a chemical friend to be analysed to the end mentioned by Dr. Falconer. In the course of the discussion which followed, as to whether this change from phosphate to fluate was a true conversion, or whether it was due to the matrix, or whether or not the change really took place, reference was made to the experiments of Dr. Samuel Brown, wherein he asserted that he had

converted carbon into silicon. This drew forth Liebig's book, which Dr. Buckland found in his pocket, and he read the opinion where the organic chemist of great repute denies the possibility of the conversion, and concludes that Dr. Brown must be ignorant of the laws of chemical analysis. This latter expression, when first we read it, we thought as erroneous as uncalled for; and in this, all who know Dr. Brown, will, we are sure, agree. We were among the first to extend the knowledge of the data of the process described by Dr. Brown. We also gave the doubts thrown on them by chemists repeating them. Recently, new experiments have been conducted, and by several with confirmation of success. We shall, in an early number, return to the subject.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 6.—Prof. Graham in the chair. Read:—1. A paper, by Dr. Stenhouse, "On the products of the distillation of meconic acid." When meconic or komenic acids are subjected to distillation at a temperature from 510° to 550°, they yield pyromeconic acid, which passes into the receiver partly as an oily liquid and partly as a crystalline sublimate. Pyromeconic acid, purified by re-distillation and crystallisation from alcohol, is found, by analysis, to contain $C^{10} H^7 O^6$. A solution of the acid feebly reddens litmus paper. It refuses to combine with potash and ammonia, crystallising unaltered from the alcoholic alkaline solution. Pyromeconate of copper is formed by heating hydrated oxide of copper with pyromeconic acid: it forms bright green, slender, acicular crystals, but little soluble in cold water or alcohol. They are anhydrous, and contain $Cu O$, $C^{10} H^6 O^6$. Pyromeconate of iron is procured by adding persulphate of iron to a tolerably dilute boiling solution of pyromeconic acid: the salt separates on cooling in small but distinct garnet-red crystals, of rhomboidal figure, and having but little solubility. They contain $F^2 O^6$, $3 C^{10} H^6 O^6$.

Pyromeconate of silver is greyish white, insoluble, and readily reduced by boiling: the metal coats the interior of the vessel with a mirror-like covering. The author then proceeds to point out distinguishing differences of character between the two isomeric bodies—pyromeconic and pyromucic acid. The latter is produced in small quantities when meconic or komenic acid is subjected to distillation. It is obtained most abundantly by subliming meconic acid in Dr. Mohr's apparatus at a very high temperature, and purified from adhering pyromeconic acid by washing with cold water or alcohol. Dr. Stenhouse calls this substance parakomenic acid. It is deposited from a hot aqueous solution in small hard crystalline grains, nearly colourless. It resembles, in its characters and reactions, komenic acid; but differs in some points from that substance. It is identical in composition, however, with komenic acid, inasmuch as it is found, by analysis with chromate of lead, to contain $C^{12} H^8 O^{10}$. When persulphate of iron is added to a cold and concentrated solution of komenic acid, and left to stand, small hard black crystals of the komenate of peroxide of iron are slowly deposited. They are but very slightly soluble either in cold or hot water, and yield, on analysis, $F^2 O^3$, $C^{24} H^{22} O^{13}$. If persulphate of iron is mixed with a hot instead of a cold solution of komenic acid, and the whole maintained some hours at 150°, the metal is reduced to the state of protoxide, and the original deep-red colour of the solution disappears.—2. A paper by Dr. Gregory, "Farther contributions to the chemical history of the products of uric acid," princi-

pally of the compounds resulting from its oxidation; and describing economical processes by which alloxantine, dialuric acid, may be prepared—the former from the mother liquors of alloxan, the latter from the same source, or from the residual liquors of alloxantine. The production of a new acid, the alloxana-sulphureous, and of alloxanic acid, was also given. Dr. Gregory is still engaged in these researches.—3. A paper by Mr. Balmain, entitled "Additional observations on aethogen." In his former papers, the author had given an account of numerous aethonites of metals, which he has since found to be simply another compound of boron and nitrogen, and which differs from aethogen previously prepared by him, phosphorescing before the blow-pipe. It is formed whenever a compound of aethogen with a metal is decomposed by the abstraction of the metal by means of acids. The simplest method of preparing this phosphorescent compound is, by heating together 12 parts of cyanide of mercury, 1/2 of boracic acid, and 1 of sulphur. The author considers that the compound of phosphorus and nitrogen discovered by Rossi has probably similar relations to aethogen; and proposes to form this body by adding portions of phosphorus to the chloro-amide of mercury placed in a flask, a gentle heat being maintained, and the materials agitated at intervals: when the phosphorus ceases to produce decomposition the heat is to be raised nearly to redness.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 15.—Mr. J. S. Bowerbank in the chair. Mr. A. White read a paper describing the application of a lever-motion to the stage of a microscope. The new construction affords great facility of motion in every way; and the range in the instrument exhibited was $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch.

Mr. Jackson read a paper descriptive of an improvement in the mode of applying a divided glass micrometer to the measurement of objects under examination, concluding with some observations relative to the method of using this instrument, and of finding the value of its divisions, under the various circumstances in which it may be employed.

A paper, by Mr. Bowerbank, entitled "Additional observations on the structure of the shells of molluscs and conchiferous animals," was read. The paper of which this is a continuation was read before the society on the 18th of January last, and the present observations relate to the mode in which wounds in the periostacrum are repaired, which differs in many respects from the analogous operation in the shelly structures. A shell (*Solen vagina*) in Mr. Bowerbank's possession having had this organ pierced in a great number of places, afforded upon examination the means of ascertaining the manner in which nature operates in making up deficiencies in that important membrane. In this case the wounded organ is so situated as to preclude the possibility of the ordinary mode, *viz.* the exudation of a layer of coagulable lymph, in order to form a new basement membrane, being followed, and consequently another course is pursued. The inner layer of the periostacrum gradually advances from all sides over the wounded surface, until it unites in the centre of its area. This new membrane is at first clear and translucent; but after a short time minute vesicles, molecules, and cytoplasm, appear in various parts of the surface, together with small patches of minute vascular tissue. These spherical cells gradually increase in size, assuming the form of collapsed vesicles. As their number in-

creases, their outlines become indistinct, until at length they form an even paving of closely compressed tesselated cells. Layer after layer of this tissue follow each other one above the other, until the whole space of the wound is completely filled up. The progress of the minute primary vessels also affords an exceedingly interesting study of the origin of vascular tissue, whether simple branched or anastomosing, not only in animals of a low degree of organisation, but also in the higher warm-blooded animals, as he had also observed similar appearances amid the cartilaginous fibres in a portion of the prepared fetal skull of an infant, and also in the somewhat similar cartilaginous structure of bone in a case of *Mollities osseum*, described by Mr. S. Solly at St. Thomas's hospital. The remaining part of the paper was devoted to a minute description of the appearance of this primary vascular tissue in various stages of its development in the periosteum of the shell.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Nov. 25, 1843.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of November 29.—M. Rousseau read a paper on the desulphurization of metals in general applied to the preparation of sulphuric acid, and in particular to that of the oxide of antimony, as a substitute for carbonate of lead for industrial purposes, according to the experiments of M. Ruolz (see last *Gazette*). The principle of the process is exceedingly simple, and it is stated to have been as successful on a large scale as in the laboratory. Nature has been the guide; and art effects in a few hours what occupies "slow and sure" a much longer time. Hitherto the method adopted by metallurgists has been roasting for a longer or shorter time, during which the sulphur is given off, either in its natural state or as sulphurous acid, but complete separation is rarely effected in this way. Thinking that by the addition of certain temperatures to the normal conditions, under the influence of which chemical operations are carried on slowly in nature, the same end may be attained in a few moments, M. Rousseau was induced to examine the simultaneous action of air and water on the various sulphurates at a temperature more or less elevated. The apparatus which he employed for laboratory-experiments consisted of a tube of earthenware, iron, or glass, placed on a furnace, and fitted at one end with a trough containing water, to which the neck of a bellows was attached. The sulphuret, broken into small pieces, is to be placed in the tube, and heated nearly to redness. By means of the bellows a current of air passing over the water slightly heated, and taking up considerable moisture, is passed into the tube. Then as soon as the requisite temperature is gained, decomposition commences, and all the sulphur is converted into sulphurous acid, which escapes from the other end of the tube, leaving therein the metal in a state of oxide, and entirely free from sulphur. This process has been successful for the sulphurets of iron, copper, antimony, and lead. And by the substitution of larger and suitable apparatus for the tube, the laboratory-experiment is easily convertible into industrial operation. It offers then the double advantage of utilising, either as oxides or as sources of sulphur, the abundant but hitherto unemployed pyrites; and also the copper ores, poor in metal but rich in sulphur, the difficulty of roasting which has prevented their being used. Besides, the sulphurous acid carefully collected would not be a cause of destruction of all vegetation

around the copper-works, as instanced most lamentably at Swansea and other places in Wales. Of course for the extraction of the oxide of antimony, because of its attacking iron, &c., brick ovens and channels must be constructed. The oxide of antimony, however, produced by this method is white, and in the state of impalpable powder. It may then be employed directly as paint, by mixture with oil, without any operation of bruising or grinding. The process, moreover, does not affect the health of the workman. Other business occupied the academy; but this matter was the most promising and interesting.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—M. Merimée has completed the volume of Instructions on Mediæval Military Architecture, addressed by the Comité Historique des Arts et Monuments to its correspondents. An appendix, or rather a separate volume, is to be added to it, on mediæval armour. The whole will be profusely illustrated with engravings, and will form a valuable manual upon this subject. The Abbé Lacroix, who holds the office of French "clerc national" at Rome, and who has long been engaged in collecting and publishing all inscriptions concerning French subjects in that capital, has lately made numerous important additions to his cabinet. Among them is an inscription on a tower at Fumone (*Aux Fumonis*), near Alatri, on the road from Rome to Naples. It commemorates the visit of Charles VIII. of France made to that town in 1495, when on his march to conquer the kingdom of Naples. The subjects of two curious mediæval paintings have been communicated to the Comité. One is a picture on copper, about 2 ft. by 1 ft. 6 in.; and on it is represented the Saviour as boy of five or six years old, fishing with a rod and line by the side of a river amidst a beautiful landscape. The hair of the Saviour is light-coloured, surrounded with rays and a cruciferous nimbus. The dress is of purple shot with gold; and the feet, which are naked, rest on the turf. Near the Saviour is a small barrel, placed to receive the fruits of the fishery. The rod and line are of gold; and instead of the hook, is represented the Holy Ghost as a dove with expanded wings surrounded by rays. Hearts are seen swimming in the river, and attaching themselves to this kind of hook. The date of this picture is about the end of the 15th century. The other is an illumination of a celebrated ms. in the Bibliothèque Royale, called the *Hortus Deliciarum*, said to have been the work of Herrada, abbess of St. Odile in Alsace, and written in 1180. Here the Father is represented as a man of remarkable beauty, holding a rod and line in the right hand. The line is formed of medallions linked one to the other, each bearing the profile of a patriarch or a prophet; and the hook is made of a crucifix, on which is the body of the Saviour. This hook is plunged in the depths of the ocean, and is approached by the monster Leviathan.—A Roman road has been discovered at Enghien, in the valley of Montmorency, near Paris, during the excavations made for the railroad to Pontoise.—Part of a Roman aqueduct has been lately found at Lyons, in a part of the town where nothing of the kind had been before observed.—Near Grenoble numerous silver articles of Roman manufacture—such as pans or saucers, spoons, a cup, and rings—have been recently discovered by accident under an old chestnut-tree, the property of an old woman in a humble sphere of life. They have been purchased for the museum at Lyons, and are in a remarkable state of complete preservation.—M. De St. Menin of Dijon has drawn up a

complete glossary of all the terms of art and architecture used in Burgundy during the middle ages. To each word is appended a passage from a contemporary author, as a proof of its signification. It would be highly desirable if this could be done not only in France, Germany, and England (as it has been), but also in Italy and Spain. Considerable progress is making by French antiquarians in collecting the names of architects, carpenters, painters, &c., of the middle ages. All documents relating to the construction of buildings, tombs, &c., shewing the prices and quantities of the articles used, the places from whence they came, and similar details, are now sought for in France with avidity.—The antiquaries of the south of France are busy in publishing documents illustrative of local antiquities; and that part of the country, as is well known, possesses an immense number of the most valuable remains of almost all periods since the Christian era. One of the most interesting works of this kind is that by M. Compayré, consisting of inedited documents relating to the Albigeois, the Castrais, and the ancient diocese of Lavaur.—The municipal council of Narbonne have purchased the old archiepiscopal palace in that city, which was the property of the crown; and have ordered the offices of the Hotel de Ville to be transferred thither, as well as a museum to be formed within its walls. Their object in this has been to preserve a fine mediæval monument from the destruction which the rapacity of the directors of crown-estates in France would otherwise have speedily demolished.—An interesting work on the antiquities of the neighbourhood of Calais has been lately published, entitled *Mémoires Historiques et Archéologiques du Département du Pas de Calais*. It is in 2 vols. 8vo, by M. Harbaville.—A notice of the most remarkable churches in the Touraine has been compiled by M. Bourassé, professor of archaeology in the ecclesiastical seminary at Tours.

New Comet.—At 1 o'clock in the morning of the 22d inst., a comet, only visible through a telescope, was discovered near the star Gamma of Orion, by M. Faye, an astronomer attached to the Royal Observatory at Paris. Notwithstanding the clouds and vapours which impeded the view and rendered the observation uncertain, the position of the star was ascertained to be as follows:—On the 22d of November, 1843, at 14^h 44^m 11^s medium time of Paris, reckoned from mid-day, the right ascension of the comet was 81^o 5', and the boreal declension was 6^o 56'. The sky was so cloudy on the following night, that it was only on the 24th that the comet was again seen, when its position was ascertained with complete precision. On the 24th of November, 1843, at 17^h 4' 43" medium time of Paris, counted from mid-day, the right ascension of the comet was 80^o 50' 42" — boreal declension of the comet, 6^o 30' 35". Thus the apparent right ascension of the comet diminished by seven minutes of a degree within about twenty-four hours; and in the same interval of time the declension likewise diminished by twelve minutes. This comet presents a head so distinct that the observations are singularly facilitated. From the head slight trains of light diverge nearly opposite to the sun. This tail is at present in length about four minutes of a degree.—Sir J. South writes to the *Times*, Thursday morning, Nov. 30, half-past 2,—" This comet was observed here with the five-feet equatorial, whose object-glass is 43 inches aperture, about 8 o'clock last evening; with the large achromatic, of 11 inches 9-10ths diameter; its nucleus, with powers of

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150 and 300, seemed not round, but elongated in the direction of the tail, which latter, after moonset, extended about 11 minutes. It does not bear much illumination of the field, although it was easily found with an achromatic telescope of 3½ inches aperture. At 48 minutes 37 seconds after midnight, its right ascension was about 5° 21' 37", and its northern declination was about 5° 34' 32", and it is very near the star A Orionis."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Nov. 22.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctors in Divinity.—C. H. Hutton, R. M. White, fellow of Magdalene College.

Masters of Arts.—W. G. Whatman, grand compunder, Rev. H. Smith, student, Rev. F. H. Bennett, Christ Church; Rev. R. D. B. Rawnsley, Magdalene College; Rev. W. Darnell, Corpus Christi College; Rev. T. P. Little, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Smith, Lincoln College; T. Green, F. G. Hartwell, New Inn Hall; L. F. Burrows, scholar of Wadham College; C. H. Mainwaring, Oriel College; J. G. Cazenove, scholar, C. W. Eddy, W. C. Bache, Brasenose Coll.; W. A. B. Cator, postmaster, W. H. Lucas, W. Cole, Merton College; R. Bethell, Exeter College; H. F. Mallet, Balliol College; A. W. Loveland, E. N. Maddock, F. Bussell, Worcester College; W. D. Scopes, Trinity College.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Nov. 25.—Prof. Wilson in the chair. The secretary concluded the reading of the paper on the history, geographical limits, and chronology of the Chera kingdom, by Mr. Dowson. It appears from native records and traditions, that the southern portion of the peninsula of India was, at an early period, probably soon after the Christian era, divided into the three kingdoms of Pandya, Chera, and Chola. Of the first of these divisions, an account has been published by Prof. Wilson in the third volume of the society's Journal; and cursory remarks on the others have appeared in the notices and analyses of the Mackenzie collection of manuscripts deposited in the Madras college-library. The object of the paper was, to give a more detailed account of the Chera kingdom, and it is taken from a translation, in the library of the East India House, of the *Conga-desa-charitra*—a Tamil document in the above collection. We

do not know if this is the translation made by the Rev. W. Taylor, which he states, in his published analyses of those MSS., he intended for the *Bengal Asiatic Journal*, but which never appeared. It gives an account of the Chera dynasty, and of the Chola and other princes, under whose power the Chera kingdom fell. From a critical examination of the somewhat conflicting data left by old native writers, it is fairly concluded by the writer of the paper, that the Chera kingdom was bounded on the north by a line reaching eastward from Calicut, crossing the Cavery to Sankerrydroog in the Salem district, and having the Mysore country on the north. The line must thence have gone southward to the sea, a little to the west of Cape Comorin; and the western boundary was the sea. The whole kingdom was therefore an irregular triangle, with its apex to the south, and included Travancore, Cochin, Coimbatore, the Nilgerry Hills, and the western parts of the Tinevelly country. The remainder of the southern portion of the peninsula, from the Chera boundary to the Bay of Bengal, was occupied by the kingdoms of Pandya and Chola; the former to the south, and the latter to the north.

The original MS. gives the names of 28 Chera kings; to 10 of whom dates are attached. The last is stated to have reigned at a period equi-

valent to A.D. 894; and the fifth, the earliest to whom a date is attached, in A.D. 82. Now as this would give something more than thirty-five years to each monarch, and as there is independent evidence that the overthrow of the Chera dynasty did take place at the close of the 9th century, the writer concluded that the commencement of the dynasty must be dated somewhere about the 5th century of our era—the earlier dates on the MS. arising from the usual wish of Hindu writers to attribute great antiquity to their nation. At the same time, as a people called *Carei* is noticed by Ptolemy in the 2d century, the suggestion is made that the Cheras are an aboriginal race who ruled the country long before the period when the Brahmanical race became acquainted with them.

The 29th king, according to the MS., was a Chola, the conqueror of the Chera country. His successor, who reigned from A.D. 927 to 997, was a great conqueror. He extended his dominion to the northward, and even made incursions upon the island of Ceylon. The fact of their northern conquests is attested by existing inscriptions, which represent them as destroying *Jaina* temples at Lakmeswar, in the southern Mahratta country—an act which appears to have led to an attack upon them, which drove them from the Chera country in the 11th century. It appears that, after the cessation of the Chola dynasty, a number of independent chieftains who owned allegiance to no superior, and the anarchy which was a consequence of such a state of things, led to the rise of the Bellala or Oyisala dynasty, which ruled the centre of the peninsula above two centuries. It does not appear that the MS. from which the paper is taken extends beyond this epoch; and this, perhaps, may afford a clue to the date of its composition.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Nov. 20.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. Sir H. Ellis read a report, addressed to King James I., on the everlasting subject of how to govern Ireland. Its chief interest is as a curiosity: the reign of James I. is the last in which we should look for good precedents or sound principles on such a subject.

Nov. 23.—A paper by Mr. J. Sydenham was read, "On the sepulchral barrows of the south of Dorsetshire." This part of the country is peculiarly rich in Celtic remains. Earth-works of various kinds, hill-forts, traces of established settlements, stone-pillars, cromlechs, and circles, and innumerable barrows bestudding the elevated and unploughed downs, yet attest the protracted residence of Celtic tribes. Many of these barrows have been explored within the last few years; and twenty-five of them are described in the present paper, with the view of indicating the distinctive peculiarities wherein they differ from the barrows opened in the more eastern parts of the country. These distinctive circumstances are chiefly negative. The barrows of south Dorsetshire offer few evidences of elaborate ceremonial deposition. The explorer is rewarded by no vases of graceful form, indicating an advance in the art of pottery, no patères of bright Samian ware, no elegant balsamaria, no glittering trinkets of gold, no ornaments of jet or amber, no glass beads, no lamps, no metal vessels, no instruments or weapons of iron, rare exceptional instances of articles in bronze, and no illustrative coins. The barrows differ greatly in size, ranging from 20 or 25 feet in height to a scarcely perceptible elevation above the surrounding soil. They present a striking want of uniformity in

the interments. In some large barrows but a single sepulchral deposit may be found, with no associated relic; another of comparatively small dimensions may produce 12 or 14 interments, all of varied character, with urns, beads, arrow-heads, and antlers. Combustion and inhumation are manifestly contemporaneous practices, and different varieties of both these modes of burial occur in the same barrow. The articles found associated with the interments are few and simple. They consist chiefly of urns of varied size and form, from the minute drinking-cup to vases 2 feet high; of the rudest construction and the coarsest material, not hardened by being baked in a kiln, but simply dried by exposure to the heat of the sun or the action of fire. The decorations, where any, are merely indented lines, the favourite zigzag being especially prevalent. There are also found fragments of pottery, implements of bone, beads of clay, bone, and shells, flint arrow-heads, deer's antlers, boar's tusks, and (rarely) weapons and implements of bronze. One barrow, the sole contents of which was an empty urn, carefully protected in a spacious cist, lined and covered with stone, is described as a cenotaph or honorary tomb. From the simplicity of the interments, the primitive rudeness of the urns and other accessories, the extreme rarity of metal, and the absence of any circumstances indicating an advance in art, the writer concludes that these barrows are the sepulchral monuments of the very earliest of the Celtic tribes that colonised Britain;—that before they had made any considerable progress in refinement, they were urged northward and eastward by the pressure of succeeding tribes cast upon the British shores by the tides of migration propelled from the great oriental centre of population;—and that, amongst these later tribes, though of the same national parentage, the practice of tumular interment had, thus early, fallen into disuse.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 2 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Sheridan Family.—A sad mortality in the Sheridan family is announced in the newspaper obituaries. On Wednesday, aged 48, died Mr. Charles Brinsley Sheridan, second son of the famous R. B. S., at his residence in Bolton Street; and on the 11th ultimo, after a short illness, at Port Louis, Isle of Mauritius, of which he was treasurer, Francis Cynric, his grandson, and the third son of the late Thomas Sheridan. Dear Frank was a true representative of the genius of the race to which he belonged; handsome, generous, thoughtful, and full of spirit and literary talent. We trust that some of his youthful productions may see the light, and be made an enduring memorial of one every body loved.

Mr. Wrench.—The death of this clever and popular comedian, so long publicly acknowledged for his talent and privately esteemed for his gentlemanly manners and honourable conduct, is announced in the newspapers (copied from the last *Observer*). He died at his lodgings, Pickett Street, Strand, on the Friday preceding; and it is stated in his 66th year.

We had supposed him older, from the period he has been upon the stage, notwithstanding the comparative juvenility of his appearance. In a particular line of light characters, Mr. Wrench could not be surpassed; and, in many instances of original parts, it was surprising how much entertainment and effect he wrought out of the slightest possible materials. Always lively, bustling, and terse, he never allowed business to flag when he was upon the stage; but with a volatility as playful as a puff of air, whirled all within his vortex, as completely round about it as if he had wielded the force of a tempest. A more pleasant remembrance does not cling to the drama than mingles with the melancholy loss of so much persiflage, hilarity, and sportive humour. In social life Mr. Wrench was an equally amusing companion, full of anecdote and agreeable qualities, combined with easy politeness and good breeding, not always found in union with the profession of an actor. He respected himself, and thus earned the perfect respect of all who knew him and his worth.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—The *Bohemian Girl* has fairly taken the theatrical world by storm; for however great might be the expectations raised by Mr. Balf's high reputation, there are gems in this opera that completely eclipse any of his former efforts, popular as some of them are; and as a complete work, it is fully equal, if not superior, to any one of his previous compositions. His musical exertions have been well worked up to by the author of the libretto, which is far beyond the average; and the drama has been put upon the stage with those modern attentions to scenery, dresses, and decorations, that leave nothing to be wished. The story is not very original, but allows great scope to the composer's fancy, and he has availed himself of it with high art; scene after scene ushered in some melody, which may not strike for its originality, but must charm for the manner in which it steals over the senses. Thus the "Gipsy-girl's Dream," in the second act, having been once heard, can never be forgotten; and long after the opera is over, the pleasure which this song has created is renewed and renewed again; it is most delightfully sung by Miss Rainforth, and as enthusiastically encored by the audience. But we have rushed at once to this charming air, so powerful is the impression it has left upon us, neglecting the overture as though it were of no consequence to an opera; it, however, in this instance, demands attention: it consists almost entirely of the themes of the airs spread through the play, wrought and combined with a very pleasing effect, which, indeed, is so much the character of all the music, that we may apply it indiscriminately to choruses, solos, duets, and concerted pieces. Some of the music, it is true, reminds us of tones of which we have dreamy recollections, but much more bears the impress of originality too boldly about it to admit of question; and there are songs of this description in the *Bohemian Girl* which will be singing at every Christmas party, affording as much delight to the social circle round the piano as they do to the nightly throngs at Drury Lane. Foremost of these is the "Gipsy Girl's Dream," already mentioned, and which is unquestionably the pet air of the opera. But others are scattered through it which it would be unfair to pass over in silence, and we shall perhaps be able to speak of them more fitly in alluding to the singers, premising that the entire music appears to us

to be peculiarly adapted to the English style, and we are consequently enabled to give almost unqualified praise to all employed in its execution. Our first word of encouragement to the efficient and well-drilled chorus, and a hurried glance at the principal performers, will be sufficient for the present. The first act, which is the least effective, over, the opera is carried on in brilliant style till its close;—by Miss Rainforth as the *Bohemian Girl*, who, in addition to the "Dream," has other songs in the course of the last two acts, of which we may particularise "Come with the Gipsy Bride," a lively and sparkling solo and chorus; and the *finale* of the last act, a splendid morsel splendidly executed;—by Mr. Harrison, who is more effective in this opera than we have ever heard him, and who sings the music allotted to him with very great feeling and judgment, especially a song in act third, which we may christen "You'll remember me," and a stirring martial part of a quintette, "When the fair land of Poland;" in these he is deservedly appreciated, for they are admirably sung, and will add to the popularity of this already popular singer;—by Mr. Borrani, with one delightful melody, "Memory is the only friend;"—and by Mr. Stretton, Mr. Hudson, and Miss Betts, who fill up parts which make the *Bohemian Girl* one of the most charming English operas which ever gratified an English audience.

On Thursday, a musical drama in two acts, *The Daughter of the Regiment*, was played for the first time, and met with equivocal success; being perhaps indebted for much of the obloquy to the injudicious plan of producing, after an opera of so much beauty, a piece whose principal, or rather sole, merit consisted in music of inferior pretensions. Music is a delightful thing; but "toniques perdrix" becomes tedious, and the audience the most afflicted with melomania may be satisfied. Of dramatic value in the piece there is none: even the plot closely resembled the opera and sundry other dramas. Mrs. Sterling acted cleverly; and Cooper in the quiet, careful manner which characterises all he undertakes. But the entire interest of the piece is absorbed in the first act; and the able performance of the above favourites, assisted by Meadows, Hudson, and Mrs. Tayleure, could not prevent a weariness creeping over the audience, which found vent in slight disapprobation at the fall of the curtain.

Haymarket.—On Saturday, *Caught in a Trap*, from the French, and one of their intriguing, libertine, and easy-lady pieces and manners, was produced here with success. A spinning-jenny scene—(the jennies being Webster and Buckstone)—was a capital farcical hit; and Mrs. Nisbett as a peasant-boy looked as fascinating as possible; and Buckstone as a gourmand kept the house alive with laughter. Miss Julia Bennet was also a smart *payassee*; so that altogether the audience were "caught in a trap."

Princess's.—The Keeleys have been judiciously added to the strong company already formed at the *Princess's* theatre and were heartily welcomed to their new home on Monday evening, when they made their first appearance in a new farce by Mr. Moncrieff, called "*Borrowing a Husband*." The locality being laid in the country, afforded plenty of opportunities for some capital acting on the part of Keeley and Oxberry as country cousins, of Mrs. Keeley as the wife of the former, with some hard hits which she made tell with great effect, and of Mr. W. Lacy, who held the other *dramatic personae* well together in a part of slight importance. With these great helps it would have been difficult for the farce not to succeed; but

it has merits of its own which would have ensured it a kind reception without such aid; with it we need hardly add it was triumphant.

On Wednesday, a drama called the *Flower of Lucerne*, from the pen of Mr. G. Soane, was produced with indifferent success, although interspersed with some pretty music by C. E. Horn, and supported by the powerful acting of Morris Barnett and Eugenie Prosperé, who did their possible to make the best of a most unpleasant story. This dull beginning to the evening was amply compensated by the lightness and fun of the latter end, throughout which the Keeleys kept the house in one continued roar of laughter during the progress of *Borrowing a Husband*, *The Loan of a Lover*, and the *Swiss Cottage*.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

IRELAND: TRAITS AND ANECDOTES.

NEARLY winding up our lighter sketches of Ireland, we are yet well pleased to see Mr. Montgomery Martin, in his grave and statistical publication,* corroborating opinions, not the less genuine and sincere, nor the less founded on attentive observation, for being put forward in an unpretending shape, and accompanied by notes of national humour and whimsicalities. The Irish he describes in a vein to secure our perfect acquiescence; for he says, "The people are ready-witted, of keen rather than capacious intellects, quick in their perceptions, with great mobility of character, but yet ardently strong in their attachments, and ferociously bitter in their hatreds. Generous, hospitable, and charitable to a fault, with a deep feeling of superstition, and a strong conviction of the wise and merciful care of a Supreme Being over all his creatures.† Yielding their confidence implicitly to those who appeal to their passions rather than to their judgment, prone to hyperbole, vain as well as proud; easily excited, and as quickly depressed; readily roused to the most demoniac deeds, under false principles of religion or patriotism; enduring for a time great labour, but wanting in long-sustained energy; fond of the marvellous and legendary lore; and morally as well as mentally taking an erroneous *ideal* rather than a practical *real* for their standard. It will be seen that these are qualities readily capable of being moulded to a good or bad purpose, and that once in subjection to an idea or a principle, however erroneous, there is the greater difficulty in effecting a change."

We could imagine that this was but putting some of our past sketching into a stronger light; but we must add to the coach-driver and Dobbin illustration a protest against the interpretation. Nothing can be more obnoxious to good taste, good feeling, morality, and religion, than the incessant appeal to the almighty God, the Saviour of the world, the Virgin, and the saints, and angels, whom they supplicate, which is the common verbiage of all the lower classes in Ireland. Sacred names are never out of their mouths; and what ought to be rare and solemn, has become a merely colloquial part of speech.

* Part IV. of which is now before us, producing many striking facts in continuation of his argument in favour of the Irish union with England. We have also parts II. and III.

† The driver of the Waterford and Dublin coach recently observed to the author in reference to the exemplary conduct of the landlord (I think Mr. Dobbin) of the "Commercial Hotel" in Waterford, which is equal in comfort and economy to any inn in the United Kingdom: "Ah, sir, the blessing of God is with him, and follows him in all he undertakes; and sure I could not say more if I were to speak for a month."

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The vulgar and offensive "so help me God," which one occasionally hears in London, is nothing to the Mosaic interlarding of Irish conversation, and especially of asking charity. The most holy names are called to witness the most barefaced falsehoods; and there is hardly a statement or a sentence not made disgustingly grotesque by ludicrous adjurations, uttered with a twang of inititative cant, which is either villainous or the effect of universal and very bad habit, as the case may be.

Again does Mr. M. confirm us in the following: "But it is not only among the poorer classes in the south and west of Ireland, that defects in personal conduct produce poverty and its concomitant, discontent; we have not merely to complain of the filth inside and outside the peasant's hut, which the labour of one hour would remove; of the torn garments, which a few stitches would mend; and the broken sieve, inviting the entrance of cattle to the corn-field; it is not merely in the peasant that an absence of order and a want of the spirit of improvement is manifest; in many of the upper classes we see the same apathy and indifference to a beneficial change if it involves the slightest trouble and anxiety."

And lastly, with reference to the author in question, he demonstrates that, "first, the extraordinary augmentation in the population of Ireland since the *Union*; second, the too great density of the inhabitants compared to the arable area; third, the variety in the character and conduct of the people; and, fourth, that moral and physical causes, and not governmental acts, are necessary to the well-being, peace, and happiness of Ireland." He also entirely agrees with us in his remarks on the county of Kerry,* and Lord Lansdowne's excellent pattern there, and on the chaste and exemplary character of the women of Ireland.† We repeat that we are glad to have our sentiments, though expressed in a mirthful tone, so seriously and so ably borne out.

But our readers cannot tolerate that—when Ireland, Irish questions, justice to Ireland, repeat, murder, signal-fires, and, above all, just now, *Irish law*, are the bores of every periodical, from Thunder to the Smallest Beer—we should worry them with similar stuff. Even the love of country could hardly reconcile one to so much of it; yet the Natives seem to adore even the worst parts of it, and, in fact, the worst parts more than the better and best. Blackpool, in the outskirts of Cork, is one of the filthiest suburbs, and most unpleasant to the sense of smell, we ever visited. Its tanning and skinning operations are "odorous" in the extreme; and its waters would, we firmly believe, make a bathing nigger blacker, or a leper fouler. Yet, on his return home from a Peninsular campaign, how the *amor patriæ* would provoke the soldier-poet to sing its loveliness and glories! We transcribe a copy (not rare,

* Here Mr. Martin notices, as we did, the absence of animal life to cheer the landscape. We heard no singing-birds; we saw no chance game. One wren, one wagtail, and two yellow-hammers, concluded our ornithological survey of more than a hundred miles; and if it had not been for congregations of crows (we know not whether Roman or protestant) in the fields, and numbers of the most miserably ranged geese we ever saw on the roads, near the hovels, we should have supposed the country (fowls and ducks also excepted) to be almost birdless.—*Ed. L. G.*

† The Celtic race of women, pure or impure (we mean of pure blood, or partially mixed with other races), are remarkable for modest manners, and for inalienable attachment to their husbands and children. The children are fine creatures, full of life and activity; models of humanity that thrive in dirt like pigs, and can hardly (physically) be spoiled by any thing.—*Ed. L. G.*

far less unique) of the celebration, communicated to us, of

De Groves of Blackpool.

Now de poor, dearest Nancy, is ended,
And de poor is brought over from France,
De gallant Cork city militia fly;

Back again to head-quarters advance.

No longer a bating dose fellows,

Oh! now we'll be bating de bull,

Wid dose oder genteel recreations

Dat is found in de groves of Blackpool.

Wid our band out afore us in order,

I'm sure we were fit to be seen.

We tip them the sprig of shillelah,

Not forgetting the shamrock so green.

Because you may read in de newses

That we made dose fellows so cool

When dey taut, like Turks and like Jewses,

To murder de boys of Blackpool.

And when we march'd into de common,

Oh! 'twould do your heart good for to see!

You'd kick ne'er a man nor a woman

Was left in Cork's famous city;

For de boys dey came crowding about us,

Not a hat nor a wig on a skull,

For to compliment dose Irish heroes

Dat came back again to de Pool.

Den come all our friends and relations

For to see were we living or no.

Oh, to see all the living ould neighbours

About us that stood in a row!

De noggins of sweet Tommy Walker

We tip off according to rule,

And we wetted our necks wid de native

Dat is brew'd in de groves of de Pool.

Oh! many's de time late and early

Dat I wish'd I was landed again,

Where I'd see de sweet watercourse flowing,

Where de skimmers deir glory maintain;

Likewise dat divine habitation,

Where dose infants are all sent to school,

Dat never had fader nor moder.

But is found in de groves of Blackpool.

Oh, sure dere's no nation in Munster

Wid de groves of Blackpool can compare,

Where dose heroes are all educated,

And de nymphs are so comely and fair,

Wid de gardens around entertaing

Wid sweet purty posies so full,

Dat is worn by dose comely young creatures

Dat walks in de groves of Blackpool.

Come, all you young younds of dat nation,

Come, fill up a bumper all round—

Here's success to Blackpool navigation,

And may it wid plenty be crown'd!

Here's success to de jolly hoop quillers,

Likewise to de shuttle and spool,

To tanners and wordy glue bilers,

Dat lives in de groves of Blackpool!

THE COCKNEY CATECHISM,
OR

LONDON ONE LIE!

LESSON XLVII.

Phi. Bravo, Aunt Margery! you may well be

proud of the spirit you have evoked for the

benefit of the poor.

Aunt M. What is it now, my volatile nephew?

Phi. Why, a sequel to your *Coal-trade* and

Butler or Housekeeper *Coal-ition*, to make

master pay, and *sack* the difference.

Aunt M. The practice is too universal to need

exposure. There is not one "upper-class" fam-

ily in fifty which does not pay this tax, as

well as all the other tradesmen's understand-

ings with "upper-servants," which I pointed

to you.

Pri. They have fined the coal-merchant,

however, forty shillings for libel in stating to

Lord Clanricarde that his house-steward wished

him to put more coals in the bill than in the

cart, and make it "all right" between them.

Aunt M. People must be very careful what

they say in such matters. It was lucky the

jury did not give the damages asked—five

hundred pounds.

Phi. That would not have been *pro bono*

Pinilico.

Pri. Some of the serving witnesses almost

let out secrets worth knowing, about "contin-

gent comforts" not included in "emoluments received from tradesmen."

Aunt M. The whole system is an abomination; and is accompanied by servile frauds in selling and exchanging, not less injurious to the "contingent comforts" of masters and mistresses than to their purses.

Pri. But I notice in the grocery-shops grand indications of the approach of Christmas, with its good living.

Aunt M. A fruitful subject: but our chat must stand for our lesson to-day.

METROPOLITAN DESTITUTION.

We do not know what specific progress Mr. Arber's committee has made, but it is so far satisfactory to observe that its mere movement has acted as a strong stimulus to existing charities of a similar nature, and to the suggestion of many plans for the succour of the starving and destitute. The West End Nightly projects further exertions; the Royal Free Hospital is more strenuously inviting contributions to enlarge its sphere of usefulness. The excellent system of management of the poor in Berlin has been put forth as a model; parochial visitation has been warmly recommended; and the asylums in Playhouse Yard and near St. Katherine's Docks placed in full activity.

So far so well; and we have only one hint to throw out, as a medium for collecting funds; which is, to have a plate at the entrance of every place of Christian worship for the reception of voluntary offerings, as is practised throughout Scotland for the local poor. No where could human charity be more becoming than when freely bestowed on approaching the throne of the God of mercy; and we feel assured that very considerable contributions would be thus collected.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

Out could we but see how the heartstrings entwine
Round the being they love, round whose life they
have grown,
What hand could e'er break that affection divine,
Or forget others' feelings in seeking its own?
Too frequent is self but the object we seek,
And careless of others our pleasures select;
And ah, often because the poor flow'ret is weak,
We wound the affection we ought to protect!

Yet unmanly the heart and unworthy the name
That could trifl with feelings thus holy and pure;
But the falser the fires on love's altar that flame
The darker the sorrow its vot'res endure.
Let our feelings unbiass'd their sentiments speak,
And the world and its sordid inducements reject;
Nor aim at advantage which injures the weak,
Nor wound the affection we ought to protect.

CHARLES SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

New Publications.—The last week has been unusually prolific of new works: notwithstanding all our diligence, our table groans under unnoticed volumes, enough to occupy us till Christmas.

Statuary: *Trafalgar Square*.—The equestrian statue of George IV. was yesterday placed in the angle of Trafalgar Square nearest St. Martin's Church. This is the beginning of its sculptured embellishments; for it must be confessed that Nelson, aloft, hatted, and armless, is not seen to advantage;—quite the reverse.

The Queen's Picture-Galleries.—Sir Augustus Callicott, R.A., has been appointed to fill another of the vacancies made by the death of Mr. Seguier, viz. that of "Keeper of her Majesty's pictures;" a selection which cannot fail to give the utmost and most general satisfaction in and out of the circle of the arts. We have

been gratified to observe the justification of Mr. Eastlake's appointment, in a letter published by the same important journal which, in our judgment (see last *Lit. Gaz.*, p. 765), rather hastily admitted into its columns the rival attack upon that beautifully practical and eminently learned artist.

General Post-Office.—Under the presidency of Mr. Lawrence, whose services in the Post-office have raised him so justly to near the top of the official tree in that difficult and laborious national establishment, the clerks of the inland department have, with equal judgment and unanimity, resolved to form a fund by annual subscription, out of which to grant annuities to the widows and orphans of deceased members. Such provident and self-supporting institutions have always our warmest approbation and good wishes. The desirable and beneficial bearings of the present design in every direction, both as relates to the subscribers and those who are dear to them, cannot be too highly appreciated.

Music.—Sir H. Bishop has resigned the professorship of music in the Edinburgh University on account of ill health preventing him from going there to deliver lectures. There were several candidates at the time of his election; and two in particular, with very high qualifications, one of whom, we presume, is most likely to become his successor.

The late Capt. James Weddell.—It affords us infinite satisfaction to have received the subjoined information from Mr. John Brown, the gentleman who presented the portrait of Capt. Weddell to the Royal Geographical Society: “I am sure you will be pleased to hear that Sir Robert Peel has recognised the remarkable services of your late too-much neglected friend, by appointing to the Admiralty the son of Mrs. Weddell, his near and favourite relative, and has also awarded her a pecuniary grant.” It was only a few weeks since we brought the claims of Capt. Weddell forward as too long forgotten; and we should be deeply gratified if we could flatter ourselves that our humble efforts had recalled them to the memory of the minister, who has thus done himself and his country honour. (See *Literary Gazette*, No. 1392.)

We are requested to say that the statement of a marriage having taken place between Miss Horton and Mr. Wheatley is incorrect. The paragraph was copied from the *Observer*.—*Times*.

Serious Accident.—On Monday night, during the first performance of the *Bohemians of Paris* at the Surrey theatre, Mrs. R. Honner met with an unfortunate accident in jumping from a bridge to the stage, a height of near 15 feet. In doing so, she missed the mattress that should have broken her fall, and was so seriously injured as to render it uncertain when she may be able to appear again. Mrs. H. Vining is at present playing her part.

The liberation of Mr. Oastler.—We heartily rejoice to see that public meetings are called to promote a subscription for the liberation of this able, consistent, and truly philanthropic man. What a commentary it is on the practice of imprisonment for debt, that so eminently useful and benevolent a citizen should be incarcerated, amid all the new severities of the laws against debtors, and suffer more stringently and for a longer period than a common felon!

Homeopathy.—Mr. Newman, surgeon to the Wells Union, has been dismissed from that office by the Poor-Law Commissioners, acting on the opinion of the College of Physicians, that a person practising homeopathy exclusively is altogether unfit for such a charge.

The Mortality of the Season in London continues to exceed former years in a frightful degree, amounting in some weeks to 300 above the average, or nearly a fourth more. It is a question whether the improved accuracy of the registration, added to the increase of population, may not, in some measure, account for this result.

M. Dupin the elder died last week at the advanced age of 86.

Belgian Agriculture, &c.—Agricultural schools are about to be formed in various parts of Belgium, and, recently, cattle of the best breeds have been exported from England in considerable numbers, at the expense of King Leopold's government, to improve the Belgian breeds. The finest-bred ewes of Leicestershire and Durham have also been sought; and many of our horses of the *noblest* genealogies have been purchased by the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia.

Ancient Sepulture.—In digging a trench at Dammarlin (Jura) a large flag-stone was discovered, opening into a vault below, in which were found twelve stone cases, raised against the wall, like sentry-boxes. One of these was broken into, and disclosed a headless skeleton, in a complete suit of armour, eaten up with rust, but still held together by leather thongs. At its feet lay a purse of metallic rings, containing 23 small bronze and silver medals; and also a handsomely chased octagonal reliquary, which had apparently been attached by a chain. The date is supposed to be of the 11th or 12th century; and the coins all belong to the Netherlands, except one representing Charlemagne. Some remains of Gothic inscriptions appear: the tomb has been closed for the present.

Mighty Fish-Monster.—On the 22d of August the brig Rowena was lying in Laguayra under the weather perfectly calm, but the vessel moving about among the shipping. To my surprise, I found a tremendous monster entangled fast to the buoy-rope, and dragging the anchor slowly along the bottom. I then had the fish towed on shore. It was of a flattish shape, something like a devilfish, but very curious shape, being wider than it was long, and having two tusks, one on each side of the mouth, and a very small tail in proportion to the fish, exactly like a bat's tail, and now on board the Rowena. The dimensions of the fish were

Rowena. The dimensions of the fish were as follow:—Length from the end of the tail to the end of the tusks, 18 feet; from wing to wing, 20 feet; the mouth 4 feet wide; and its weight 3502 pounds.—*Letter in Barbadoes Paper.*

stated that "the Rev. gentleman put a period to his existence at his living."

A Fairy Gift.—“The good people of Limerick” have recently presented to Mr. Crofton Croker, as “the fairy historian of Ireland,” a silver inkstand of beautiful and appropriate design. The cover, bearing an inscription to the above effect, dangles from an eagle’s head, which has been most skilfully introduced by the manufacturers in allusion to the renowned adventures of Daniel O’Rourke, and reminds

us of Maclese's illustration to the Fairy Legend of "Pon the honour of a gentleman?" What must render the compliment peculiarly gratifying to the author of the *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland* at the present moment is, the quotation which accompanied it from the sonnet with which he closed that work:—

— “But did the fays,
Creatures of whim, the gossamers of will
In Ireland work such sorrow and such ill
As stormier spirits of our modern days?”

LITERARY NOVELTIES

From Mr. Groombridge's well-filled catalogue we perceive that, besides new editions of many valuable publications, *Etruscan Literature and Antiquities*, by Sir W. Betham, is announced.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Contributions to the Edinburgh Review, by Lord Jeffrey, 4 vols. 8vo, 2^o, 8s.—The Prism of Investigation, by the Baroness de Calabrella, 8vo, 12m, bound.—Magnetical Investigations, by the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D., Part 2, 8vo, 10m, 6d.—A Manual of Pharmacy, for the Student of Veterinary Medicine, by W. J. T. Morton, 3d edit. 12mo, 10s.—Grain's Farm Journal: Accounts of the Daily Work, Income, and Outgoings on a Farm, fol. 18s.—The Mahibogion, by Lady Charlotte Guest, Part V., 8s.—A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, by A. S. Taylor, fep. 12s, 6d.—Superstitions connected with Medicine and Surgery, by T. J. Pettigrew, 8vo, 7s.—George Selwyn and His Contemporaries, by J. H. Jesse, Vols. III. and IV., 28s.—Glimpses of Nature, by Mrs. Loudon, sq., 16mo, 3s, 6d.—Short and Simple Prayers for Children, with Hymns, 1s, 6d.—Rhoda, or the Excellence of Charity, sq., 16mo, 2s.—Farms on the Remainders, by Butler, 10th edit. 2 vols, royal 8vo, 2^o, 4s.—Experimental Researches on the Compound Nature of Carbon, by R. Rigg, post 8vo, 7s, 6d.—Mrs. Gaugain's Miniature Knitting-Book, 1s.—Prat's Statutes relating to Justice of the Peace, 6 & 7 Vict., 8vo, 8s.—Theory of a New System of Increasing and Limiting Issues of Money, 2s.—The Gardener and Practical Florist, Vol. II., royal 8vo, 10s, 6d.—The Soldier of Fortune, by H. Curling, 3 vols, post 8vo, 17, 11s, 6d.—The Grave-Digger: a Novel, by the Author of "The Scottish Heiress," 3 vols, post 8vo, 17, 11s, 6d.—Heroic Tales of Ancient Greece, by Niebuhr, with Notes by Felix Summerly, sq., 16mo, 10s, 6d.—The Life of Admiral Sir F. Drake, by J. Barrow, 8vo, 14s.—Flügel's German Dictionary abridged, by Feiling and Oxenford, roy 18mo, 9s, bd.—The Sources of Physical Science, by A. Smee, 8vo, 10s, 6d.—Sewell's Law and Practice of Registration, 2d edit. 8vo, 10s, 6d.—The Baptisms of Scripture unfolded, by Sarah Bull, 12mo, 2s.—The Parsi Religion unfolded, refuted, &c., by J. Wilson, D.D., 8vo, 16s.—The Highway Surveyor's Guide, 1s.—General Highway Act, with Introduction, &c., by A. A. Fry, 12mo, 3s.—Murray's Colonial and Home Library, Part III. P. B. Heber's Journal in India, Part I., 2s, 6d.—The Brothers, and other Stories, by the Author of "Oliver Cromwell," 3 vols, post 8vo, 17, 11s, 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1843.

<i>Oct.</i>		<i>Thermometer.</i>		<i>Barometer.</i>
Thursday	26	From 28 to	48	29 20 to 29 33
Friday	27	" 28	47	29 41 .. 29 23
Saturday	28	" 49	42	28 85 .. 29 05
Sunday	29	" 29	47	29 35 .. 29 37
Monday	30	" 31	57	29 22 .. 29 04
Tuesday	31	" 49	45	29 14 .. 29 11
<i>Nov.</i>				
Wednesday	1	46 ..	36	29 35 .. 29 46
Wind on the 26th N. and W. by N.; 27th, 28th, and 29th, S.W.; 30th, E. and S. by E.; 31st, N.; Nov. 1st, N.; 26th, 27th, and 28th, generally clear; 29th, morning foggy, hazy during the day; 30th and 31st, cloudy, with frequent rain; Nov. 1st, cloudy till the evening. Rain fallen, 1 inch and $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch.				

<i>Nor.</i>		<i>Thermometer.</i>	<i>Barometer.</i>
Thursday.	2	From 34 to 46	29 50 to 29 52
Friday.	3	44	29 39
Saturday.	4	" 55	29 39
Sunday.	5	" 40	29 61
Monday.	6	" 39	29 66
Tuesday.	7	" 55	29 38
Wednesday.	8	49	29 51
Thursday.	9	28	29 59
Friday.	10	29	29 28
Saturday.	11	30	29 59
Sunday.	12	28	29 80
Monday.	13	23	29 86
Tuesday.	14	28	29 85
Wednesday.	15	29	29 86

- This temperature occurred at 9 in the evening.

Wind N. on the 2d; S.W. on the 3d and 4th; N. and N.W. on the 5th; S.W. on the 6th and 7th; S. by W. and W. by N. on the 8th; S.W. on the 9th; S. on the 10th; E. and E. by N. on the 11th; N.W. on the 12th; N.E. on the 13th; N.W. on the 14th and 15th. Cloudy on the 2d, rain in the evening; generally cloudy on the 3d; generally clear on the 4th; 5th cloudy; 6th, cloudy, rain about noon; 7th, generally clear except the morning, when rain fell; 8th and 9th, generally clear; 10th, cloudy, rain in the morning; 11th, 12th, and 13th, generally clear; 14th, cloudy, with frequent rain; 15th, morning clear, afternoon hazy, rain in the evening, and lightning in the E. and N.E. Rain fallen, 735 of an inch.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude, 51° 37' 33" north.
Longitude, 3° 51' west of Greenwich.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

This table shews the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.

	1843.	1843.	
Dec. 2	h. m. s.	Dec. 6	h. m. s.
3	11 49 28 4	7	11 51 50
4	— 50 15 6	8	— 51 56 6
5	— 50 40 0		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* A severe indisposition will, we trust, plead our excuse this week for the neglect of several correspondents, and other faults.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SALE BY AUCTION.

The Cabinet of Pictures and choice Collection of Prints of W. Seguier, Esq., deceased.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE and MANSON respectfully inform the Nobility and Public that early in the Spring they will **SELL BY AUCTION**, by order of the Executors, the well selected CANVANETTE, and other ENGLISH PICTURES, and the best DUTCH ETCHINGS, including valuable Collections of the Works of Claude, Rembrandt, and Ostade, with the choicest Specimens of other Dutch Masters, and some fine modern Engravings, Books of Prints, and Works on Art, of

WILLIAM SEGUIER, deceased,

late Conservator of the Royal and National Galleries.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, Portugal Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.—The Committee of Management are anxious to announce, that after their best exertions to raise the income necessary for the expense of the current year, the sum of 5000, will be required to meet the liabilities coming due at Christmas. Encouraged however, by the success of the last year, the A.P.C. will contribute to the sum, and that sufficient will be set aside in the necessary of appropriating the income of next year to defray the charges of the present. The following contribution is graciously acknowledged:—

Col. Wm. Martin Leake £10

By order, E. C. STEVENS, Sec.

Nov. 50, 1843.

A CLERGYMAN, for many years accused of having prepared a few private Pupils for their several positions in life, wishes to add another to the three or four now with him.

Any Letter addressed to the Rev. D.D., to the care of Mr. West, No. 1 St. James's Street, London, will reach him in the Country.

A BRONZED SCROLL FENDER for 15s. RIPPON and BURTON are now offering the most extensive collection of FENDERs in London, including every variety, at prices from 50 to 200. Iron Fenders, 2 feet long, from 4s. 6d.; 5s. 5d.; 1 foot, 6s.; ditto bronzed, 3 feet, from 6s.; 5 feet 6s.; 4 feet, 8s.; rich Scroll Fenders bronzed, 3 feet, from 10s.; 4 feet, 12s.; 5 feet, 15s.; polished, 3 feet, from 12s.; 4 feet, 15s.; 5 feet, 18s.; 6 feet, 20s.; 7 feet, 25s.; 8 feet, 30s.; 9 feet, 35s.; 10 feet, 40s.; 11 feet, 45s.; 12 feet, 50s.; 13 feet, 55s.; 14 feet, 60s.; 15 feet, 65s.; 16 feet, 70s.; 17 feet, 75s.; 18 feet, 80s.; 19 feet, 85s.; 20 feet, 90s.; 21 feet, 95s.; 22 feet, 100s.; 23 feet, 105s.; 24 feet, 110s.; 25 feet, 115s.; 26 feet, 120s.; 27 feet, 125s.; 28 feet, 130s.; 29 feet, 135s.; 30 feet, 140s.; 31 feet, 145s.; 32 feet, 150s.; 33 feet, 155s.; 34 feet, 160s.; 35 feet, 165s.; 36 feet, 170s.; 37 feet, 175s.; 38 feet, 180s.; 39 feet, 185s.; 40 feet, 190s.; 41 feet, 195s.; 42 feet, 200s.; 43 feet, 205s.; 44 feet, 210s.; 45 feet, 215s.; 46 feet, 220s.; 47 feet, 225s.; 48 feet, 230s.; 49 feet, 235s.; 50 feet, 240s.; 51 feet, 245s.; 52 feet, 250s.; 53 feet, 255s.; 54 feet, 260s.; 55 feet, 265s.; 56 feet, 270s.; 57 feet, 275s.; 58 feet, 280s.; 59 feet, 285s.; 60 feet, 290s.; 61 feet, 295s.; 62 feet, 300s.; 63 feet, 305s.; 64 feet, 310s.; 65 feet, 315s.; 66 feet, 320s.; 67 feet, 325s.; 68 feet, 330s.; 69 feet, 335s.; 70 feet, 340s.; 71 feet, 345s.; 72 feet, 350s.; 73 feet, 355s.; 74 feet, 360s.; 75 feet, 365s.; 76 feet, 370s.; 77 feet, 375s.; 78 feet, 380s.; 79 feet, 385s.; 80 feet, 390s.; 81 feet, 395s.; 82 feet, 400s.; 83 feet, 405s.; 84 feet, 410s.; 85 feet, 415s.; 86 feet, 420s.; 87 feet, 425s.; 88 feet, 430s.; 89 feet, 435s.; 90 feet, 440s.; 91 feet, 445s.; 92 feet, 450s.; 93 feet, 455s.; 94 feet, 460s.; 95 feet, 465s.; 96 feet, 470s.; 97 feet, 475s.; 98 feet, 480s.; 99 feet, 485s.; 100 feet, 490s.; 101 feet, 495s.; 102 feet, 500s.; 103 feet, 505s.; 104 feet, 510s.; 105 feet, 515s.; 106 feet, 520s.; 107 feet, 525s.; 108 feet, 530s.; 109 feet, 535s.; 110 feet, 540s.; 111 feet, 545s.; 112 feet, 550s.; 113 feet, 555s.; 114 feet, 560s.; 115 feet, 565s.; 116 feet, 570s.; 117 feet, 575s.; 118 feet, 580s.; 119 feet, 585s.; 120 feet, 590s.; 121 feet, 595s.; 122 feet, 600s.; 123 feet, 605s.; 124 feet, 610s.; 125 feet, 615s.; 126 feet, 620s.; 127 feet, 625s.; 128 feet, 630s.; 129 feet, 635s.; 130 feet, 640s.; 131 feet, 645s.; 132 feet, 650s.; 133 feet, 655s.; 134 feet, 660s.; 135 feet, 665s.; 136 feet, 670s.; 137 feet, 675s.; 138 feet, 680s.; 139 feet, 685s.; 140 feet, 690s.; 141 feet, 695s.; 142 feet, 700s.; 143 feet, 705s.; 144 feet, 710s.; 145 feet, 715s.; 146 feet, 720s.; 147 feet, 725s.; 148 feet, 730s.; 149 feet, 735s.; 150 feet, 740s.; 151 feet, 745s.; 152 feet, 750s.; 153 feet, 755s.; 154 feet, 760s.; 155 feet, 765s.; 156 feet, 770s.; 157 feet, 775s.; 158 feet, 780s.; 159 feet, 785s.; 160 feet, 790s.; 161 feet, 795s.; 162 feet, 800s.; 163 feet, 805s.; 164 feet, 810s.; 165 feet, 815s.; 166 feet, 820s.; 167 feet, 825s.; 168 feet, 830s.; 169 feet, 835s.; 170 feet, 840s.; 171 feet, 845s.; 172 feet, 850s.; 173 feet, 855s.; 174 feet, 860s.; 175 feet, 865s.; 176 feet, 870s.; 177 feet, 875s.; 178 feet, 880s.; 179 feet, 885s.; 180 feet, 890s.; 181 feet, 895s.; 182 feet, 900s.; 183 feet, 905s.; 184 feet, 910s.; 185 feet, 915s.; 186 feet, 920s.; 187 feet, 925s.; 188 feet, 930s.; 189 feet, 935s.; 190 feet, 940s.; 191 feet, 945s.; 192 feet, 950s.; 193 feet, 955s.; 194 feet, 960s.; 195 feet, 965s.; 196 feet, 970s.; 197 feet, 975s.; 198 feet, 980s.; 199 feet, 985s.; 200 feet, 990s.; 201 feet, 995s.; 202 feet, 1000s.; 203 feet, 1005s.; 204 feet, 1010s.; 205 feet, 1015s.; 206 feet, 1020s.; 207 feet, 1025s.; 208 feet, 1030s.; 209 feet, 1035s.; 210 feet, 1040s.; 211 feet, 1045s.; 212 feet, 1050s.; 213 feet, 1055s.; 214 feet, 1060s.; 215 feet, 1065s.; 216 feet, 1070s.; 217 feet, 1075s.; 218 feet, 1080s.; 219 feet, 1085s.; 220 feet, 1090s.; 221 feet, 1095s.; 222 feet, 1100s.; 223 feet, 1105s.; 224 feet, 1110s.; 225 feet, 1115s.; 226 feet, 1120s.; 227 feet, 1125s.; 228 feet, 1130s.; 229 feet, 1135s.; 230 feet, 1140s.; 231 feet, 1145s.; 232 feet, 1150s.; 233 feet, 1155s.; 234 feet, 1160s.; 235 feet, 1165s.; 236 feet, 1170s.; 237 feet, 1175s.; 238 feet, 1180s.; 239 feet, 1185s.; 240 feet, 1190s.; 241 feet, 1195s.; 242 feet, 1200s.; 243 feet, 1205s.; 244 feet, 1210s.; 245 feet, 1215s.; 246 feet, 1220s.; 247 feet, 1225s.; 248 feet, 1230s.; 249 feet, 1235s.; 250 feet, 1240s.; 251 feet, 1245s.; 252 feet, 1250s.; 253 feet, 1255s.; 254 feet, 1260s.; 255 feet, 1265s.; 256 feet, 1270s.; 257 feet, 1275s.; 258 feet, 1280s.; 259 feet, 1285s.; 260 feet, 1290s.; 261 feet, 1295s.; 262 feet, 1300s.; 263 feet, 1305s.; 264 feet, 1310s.; 265 feet, 1315s.; 266 feet, 1320s.; 267 feet, 1325s.; 268 feet, 1330s.; 269 feet, 1335s.; 270 feet, 1340s.; 271 feet, 1345s.; 272 feet, 1350s.; 273 feet, 1355s.; 274 feet, 1360s.; 275 feet, 1365s.; 276 feet, 1370s.; 277 feet, 1375s.; 278 feet, 1380s.; 279 feet, 1385s.; 280 feet, 1390s.; 281 feet, 1395s.; 282 feet, 1400s.; 283 feet, 1405s.; 284 feet, 1410s.; 285 feet, 1415s.; 286 feet, 1420s.; 287 feet, 1425s.; 288 feet, 1430s.; 289 feet, 1435s.; 290 feet, 1440s.; 291 feet, 1445s.; 292 feet, 1450s.; 293 feet, 1455s.; 294 feet, 1460s.; 295 feet, 1465s.; 296 feet, 1470s.; 297 feet, 1475s.; 298 feet, 1480s.; 299 feet, 1485s.; 300 feet, 1490s.; 301 feet, 1495s.; 302 feet, 1500s.; 303 feet, 1505s.; 304 feet, 1510s.; 305 feet, 1515s.; 306 feet, 1520s.; 307 feet, 1525s.; 308 feet, 1530s.; 309 feet, 1535s.; 310 feet, 1540s.; 311 feet, 1545s.; 312 feet, 1550s.; 313 feet, 1555s.; 314 feet, 1560s.; 315 feet, 1565s.; 316 feet, 1570s.; 317 feet, 1575s.; 318 feet, 1580s.; 319 feet, 1585s.; 320 feet, 1590s.; 321 feet, 1595s.; 322 feet, 1600s.; 323 feet, 1605s.; 324 feet, 1610s.; 325 feet, 1615s.; 326 feet, 1620s.; 327 feet, 1625s.; 328 feet, 1630s.; 329 feet, 1635s.; 330 feet, 1640s.; 331 feet, 1645s.; 332 feet, 1650s.; 333 feet, 1655s.; 334 feet, 1660s.; 335 feet, 1665s.; 336 feet, 1670s.; 337 feet, 1675s.; 338 feet, 1680s.; 339 feet, 1685s.; 340 feet, 1690s.; 341 feet, 1695s.; 342 feet, 1700s.; 343 feet, 1705s.; 344 feet, 1710s.; 345 feet, 1715s.; 346 feet, 1720s.; 347 feet, 1725s.; 348 feet, 1730s.; 349 feet, 1735s.; 350 feet, 1740s.; 351 feet, 1745s.; 352 feet, 1750s.; 353 feet, 1755s.; 354 feet, 1760s.; 355 feet, 1765s.; 356 feet, 1770s.; 357 feet, 1775s.; 358 feet, 1780s.; 359 feet, 1785s.; 360 feet, 1790s.; 361 feet, 1795s.; 362 feet, 1800s.; 363 feet, 1805s.; 364 feet, 1810s.; 365 feet, 1815s.; 366 feet, 1820s.; 367 feet, 1825s.; 368 feet, 1830s.; 369 feet, 1835s.; 370 feet, 1840s.; 371 feet, 1845s.; 372 feet, 1850s.; 373 feet, 1855s.; 374 feet, 1860s.; 375 feet, 1865s.; 376 feet, 1870s.; 377 feet, 1875s.; 378 feet, 1880s.; 379 feet, 1885s.; 380 feet, 1890s.; 381 feet, 1895s.; 382 feet, 1900s.; 383 feet, 1905s.; 384 feet, 1910s.; 385 feet, 1915s.; 386 feet, 1920s.; 387 feet, 1925s.; 388 feet, 1930s.; 389 feet, 1935s.; 390 feet, 1940s.; 391 feet, 1945s.; 392 feet, 1950s.; 393 feet, 1955s.; 394 feet, 1960s.; 395 feet, 1965s.; 396 feet, 1970s.; 397 feet, 1975s.; 398 feet, 1980s.; 399 feet, 1985s.; 400 feet, 1990s.; 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457 feet, 2275s.; 458 feet, 2280s.; 459 feet, 2285s.; 460 feet, 2290s.; 461 feet, 2295s.; 462 feet, 2300s.; 463 feet, 2305s.; 464 feet, 2310s.; 465 feet, 2315s.; 466 feet, 2320s.; 467 feet, 2325s.; 468 feet, 2330s.; 469 feet, 2335s.; 470 feet, 2340s.; 471 feet, 2345s.; 472 feet, 2350s.; 473 feet, 2355s.; 474 feet, 2360s.; 475 feet, 2365s.; 476 feet, 2370s.; 477 feet, 2375s.; 478 feet, 2380s.; 479 feet, 2385s.; 480 feet, 2390s.; 481 feet, 2395s.; 482 feet, 2400s.; 483 feet, 2405s.; 484 feet, 2410s.; 485 feet, 2415s.; 486 feet, 2420s.; 487 feet, 2425s.; 488 feet, 2430s.; 489 feet, 2435s.; 490 feet, 2440s.; 491 feet, 2445s.; 492 feet, 2450s.; 493 feet, 2455s.; 494 feet, 2460s.; 495 feet, 2465s.; 496 feet, 2470s.; 497 feet, 2475s.; 498 feet, 2480s.; 499 feet, 2485s.; 500 feet, 2490s.; 501 feet, 2495s.; 502 feet, 2500s.; 503 feet, 2505s.; 504 feet, 2510s.; 505 feet, 2515s.; 506 feet, 2520s.; 507 feet, 2525s.; 508 feet, 2530s.; 509 feet, 2535s.; 510 feet, 2540s.; 511 feet, 2545s.; 512 feet, 2550s.; 513 feet, 2555s.; 514 feet, 2560s.; 515 feet, 2565s.; 516 feet, 2570s.; 517 feet, 2575s.; 518 feet, 2580s.; 519 feet, 2585s.; 520 feet, 2590s.; 521 feet, 2595s.; 522 feet, 2600s.; 523 feet, 2605s.; 524 feet, 2610s.; 525 feet, 2615s.; 526 feet, 2620s.; 527 feet, 2625s.; 528 feet, 2630s.; 529 feet, 2635s.; 530 feet, 2640s.; 531 feet, 2645s.; 532 feet, 2650s.; 533 feet, 2655s.; 534 feet, 2660s.; 535 feet, 2665s.; 536 feet, 2670s.; 537 feet, 2675s.; 538 feet, 2680s.; 539 feet, 2685s.; 540 feet, 2690s.; 541 feet, 2695s.; 542 feet, 2700s.; 543 feet, 2705s.; 544 feet, 2710s.; 545 feet, 2715s.; 546 feet, 2720s.; 547 feet, 2725s.; 548 feet, 2730s.; 549 feet, 2735s.; 550 feet, 2740s.; 551 feet, 2745s.; 552 feet, 2750s.; 553 feet, 2755s.; 554 feet, 2760s.; 555 feet, 2765s.; 556 feet, 2770s.; 557 feet, 2775s.; 558 feet, 2780s.; 559 feet, 2785s.; 560 feet, 2790s.; 561 feet, 2795s.; 562 feet, 2800s.; 563 feet, 2805s.; 564 feet, 2810s.; 565 feet, 2815s.; 566 feet, 2820s.; 567 feet, 2825s.; 568 feet, 2830s.; 569 feet, 2835s.; 570 feet, 2840s.; 571 feet, 2845s.; 572 feet, 2850s.; 573 feet, 2855s.; 574 feet, 2860s.; 575 feet, 2865s.; 576 feet, 2870s.; 577 feet, 2875s.; 578 feet, 2880s.; 579 feet, 2885s.; 580 feet, 2890s.; 581 feet, 2895s.; 582 feet, 2900s.; 583 feet, 2905s.; 584 feet, 2910s.; 585 feet, 2915s.; 586 feet, 2920s.; 587 feet, 2925s.; 588 feet, 2930s.; 589 feet, 2935s.; 590 feet, 2940s.; 591 feet, 2945s.; 592 feet, 2950s.; 593 feet, 2955s.; 594 feet, 2960s.; 595 feet, 2965s.; 596 feet, 2970s.; 597 feet, 2975s.; 598 feet, 2980s.; 599 feet, 2985s.; 600 feet, 2990s.; 601 feet, 2995s.; 602 feet, 3000s.; 603 feet, 3005s.; 604 feet, 3010s.; 605 feet, 3015s.; 606 feet, 3020s.; 607 feet, 3025s.; 608 feet, 3030s.; 609 feet, 3035s.; 610 feet, 3040s.; 611 feet, 3045s.; 612 feet, 3050s.; 613 feet, 3055s.; 614 feet, 3060s.; 615 feet, 3065s.; 616 feet, 3070s.; 617 feet, 3075s.; 618 feet, 3080s.; 619 feet, 3085s.; 620 feet, 3090s.; 621 feet, 3095s.; 622 feet, 3100s.; 623 feet, 3105s.; 624 feet, 3110s.; 625 feet, 3115s.; 626 feet, 3120s.; 627 feet, 3125s.; 628 feet, 3130s.; 629 feet, 3135s.; 630 feet, 3140s.; 631 feet, 3145s.; 632 feet, 3150s.; 633 feet, 3155s.; 634 feet, 3160s.; 635 feet, 3165s.; 636 feet, 3170s.; 637 feet, 3175s.; 638 feet, 3180s.; 639 feet, 3185s.; 640 feet, 3190s.; 641 feet, 3195s.; 642 feet, 3200s.; 643 feet, 3205s.; 644 feet, 3210s.; 645 feet, 3215s.; 646 feet, 3220s.; 647 feet, 3225s.; 648 feet, 3230s.; 649 feet, 3235s.; 650 feet, 3240s.; 651 feet, 3245s.; 652 feet, 3250s.; 653 feet, 3255s.; 654 feet, 3260s.; 655 feet, 3265s.; 656 feet, 3270s.; 657 feet, 3275s.; 658 feet, 3280s.; 659 feet, 3285s.; 660 feet, 3290s.; 661 feet, 3295s.; 662 feet, 3300s.; 663 feet, 3305s.; 664 feet, 3310s.; 665 feet, 3315s.; 666 feet, 3320s.; 667 feet, 3325s.; 668 feet, 3330s.; 669 feet, 3335s.; 670 feet, 3340s.; 671 feet, 3345s.; 672 feet, 3350s.; 673 feet, 3355s.; 674 feet, 3360s.; 675 feet, 3365s.; 676 feet, 3370s.; 677 feet, 3375s.; 678 feet, 3380s.; 679 feet, 3385s.; 680 feet, 3390s.; 681 feet, 3395s.; 682 feet, 3400s.; 683 feet, 3405s.; 684 feet, 3410s.; 685 feet, 3415s.; 686 feet, 3420s.; 687 feet, 3425s.; 688 feet, 3430s.; 689 feet, 3435s.; 690 feet, 3440s.; 691 feet, 3445s.; 692 feet, 3450s.; 693 feet, 3455s.; 694 feet, 3460s.; 695 feet, 3465s.; 696 feet, 3470s.; 697 feet, 3475s.; 698 feet, 3480s.; 699 feet, 3485s.; 700 feet, 3490s.; 701 feet, 3495s.; 702 feet, 3500s.; 703 feet, 3505s.; 704 feet, 3510s.; 705 feet, 3515s.; 706 feet, 3520s.; 707 feet, 3525s.; 708 feet, 3530s.; 709 feet, 3535s.; 710 feet, 3540s.; 711 feet, 3545s.; 712 feet, 3550s.; 713 feet, 3555s.; 714 feet, 3560s.; 715 feet, 3565s.; 716 feet, 3570s.; 717 feet, 3575s.; 718 feet, 3580s.; 719 feet, 3585s.; 720 feet, 3590s.; 721 feet, 3595s.; 722 feet, 3600s.; 723 feet, 3605s.; 724 feet, 3610s.; 725 feet, 3615s.; 726 feet, 3620s.; 727 feet, 3625s.; 728 feet, 3630s.; 729 feet, 3635s.; 730 feet, 3640s.; 731 feet, 3645s.; 732 feet, 3650s.; 733 feet, 3655s.; 734 feet, 3660s.; 735 feet, 3665s.; 736 feet, 3670s.; 737 feet, 3675s.; 738 feet, 3680s.; 739 feet, 3685s.; 740 feet, 3690s.; 741 feet, 3695s.; 742 feet, 3700s.; 743 feet, 3705s.; 744 feet, 3710s.; 745 feet, 3715s.; 746 feet, 3720s.; 747 feet, 3725s.; 748 feet, 3730s.; 749 feet, 3735s.; 750 feet, 3740s.; 751 feet, 3745s.; 752 feet, 3750s.; 753 feet, 3755s.; 754 feet, 3760s.; 755 feet, 3765s.; 756 feet, 3770s.; 757 feet, 3775s.; 758 feet, 3780s.; 759 feet, 3785s.; 760 feet, 3790s.; 761 feet, 3795s.; 762 feet, 3800s.; 763 feet, 3805s.; 764 feet, 3810s.; 765 feet, 3815s.; 766 feet, 3820s.; 767 feet, 3825s.; 768 feet, 3830s.; 769 feet, 3835s.; 770 feet, 3840s.; 771 feet, 3845s.; 772 feet, 3850s.; 773 feet, 3855s.; 774 feet, 3860s.; 775 feet, 3865s.; 776 feet, 3870s.; 777 feet, 3875s.; 778 feet, 3880s.; 779 feet, 3885s.; 780 feet, 3890s.; 781 feet, 3895s.; 782 feet, 3900s.; 783 feet, 3905s.; 784 feet, 3910s.; 785 feet, 3915s.; 786 feet, 3920s.; 787 feet, 3925s.; 788 feet, 3930s.; 789 feet, 3935s.; 790 feet, 3940s.; 791 feet, 3945s.; 792 feet, 3950s.; 793 feet, 3955s.; 794 feet, 3960s.; 795 feet, 3965s.; 796 feet, 3970s.; 797 feet, 3975s.; 798 feet, 3980s.; 799 feet, 3985s.; 800 feet, 3990s.; 801 feet, 3995s.; 802 feet, 4000s.; 803 feet, 4005s.; 804 feet, 4010s.; 805 feet, 4015s.; 806 feet, 4020s.; 807 feet, 4025s.; 808 feet, 4030s.; 809 feet, 4035s.; 810 feet, 4

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